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SIXPENCE.
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PENELOPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Does any town bird ever enter heart and soul into the joys of country life? If you were to take a Cockney sparrow and let him loose in Berkshire, would he roost serenely in a tree, forgetful of his nest near the water-pipe, of the fragrant atmosphere of chimney-stacks, of the dusty patches called gardens in dreary squares? Would the most beautiful landscape, dotted with cows and Birket Foster cottages, console him for the window-boxes in the back street, for the vegetable refuse in Covent Garden? This speculation arises as I sit placidly gazing through a window, framed with purple clematis, at a sun-splashed meadow. (I have never connected the sun with the act of splashing; but I have just been reading Fiona Macleod's "Mountain Lovers," and a rhapsody of Scotch scenery always inclines me to curious adjectives, as one who runs after strange goddesses. "Sun-splashed" is, to my mind, what the Moabitish woman was to the susceptible child of Israel.) I don't think the Cockney sparrow would be quite at ease in his country home if, like me, he were haunted by a hat-box. That article is my inseparable familiar; it represents the chimney-pots and the water-pipe in all my travels. I may entrust an inanimate portmanteau to the luggage-van in the train; but the hat-box never leaves me, for it is full of life, and of articulate criticism on my new surroundings. A momentary enthusiasm for rural scenes is checked by its cynical town-bred *savoir-faire*; and even a creditable rapture over the clematis withers before the attendant demon's sneer.

MYSELF. How delicious that flower is! It touches the prospect with a soft caress, and seems to embrace the world like a purple rainbow of the ideal!

THE HAT-BOX. Pooh! Full of slugs! If you *must* have flowers, you can view plenty of them in the balcony of White's Club.

MYSELF. It is the irresponsible gaiety of the country that appeals to me, and the simple habits. What can be more charming than the thoughtfulness of your hostess in sending a green apple to your room every morning?

THE HAT-BOX. Who eats green apples?

MYSELF. I don't know; but the idea pleases me. It is like a visitation of perpetual youth to this old world. As I look at the green apple, it opens its mouth, and—

THE HAT-BOX. You mean, that you open your mouth.

MYSELF. How miserably prosaic you are! I say, it opens its mouth, and sings this glad refrain—

*Sluggard, arise from your slothful bed,
Apples are green and tomatoes red;
Ere you awake with a peevish yawn,
Blackbirds are hopping about the lawn.
Women may skip, and women may flop,
But there's nothing so blithe as the blackbird's hop.
Ring for your bath and towel your head,
Apples are green and tomatoes red.*

THE HAT-BOX. My poor friend, the sooner we return to town the better!

MYSELF. I'll wager that you don't see the real moral beauty of that song.

THE HAT-BOX. Rot!

MYSELF. It is the absence of petty jealousy from Nature. The green apple does not backbite the red tomato. Ah! how different from London town, where everybody's vanity preys upon his neighbour's.

THE HAT-BOX. Where's the "A.B.C."?

MYSELF. The same exquisite dispensation is visible in that donkey. As he lies basking in the sun, a faithful white chicken fondly picks the flies off his nose. Does he repulse this touching devotion of his feathered friend? Does he arise and throw his hind legs in the air, scattering the chicken through eternity? No, he plays the better part of giving selfish and warring mankind a lesson in gratitude, tranquil affection, and domestic peace.

THE HAT-BOX. Send the story to the *Spectator*, and have done with it.

MYSELF. Then consider his attitude towards his human brethren. At first he regarded us with distrust; his hind-quarters were in a state of active protest. I do not blame him, for the most magnanimous donkey might be offended when addressed as "Edward" with contumelious intonation by a sportive Scotch doctor, fresh from the orgies of the Medical Congress. But what happened to-day? His sagacious nose lifted the latch of the back-door, and he walked into the house. Overcome by this proof of generous instincts, I tried to lead him to the drawing-room, when, in a sudden access of bashfulness, he turned in the narrow passage, at the risk of curvature of the spine, and hastily retired. What can civilised man show to match this beautiful simplicity?

THE HAT-BOX. I wonder if they sell straight-waistcoats in these parts!

MYSELF. The cows, too—how nobly confiding! When the Scotch medico imitated the wooing accents of their kind, they trooped over the field in affectionate agitation, and the farmer gruffly said we must "stop that instrument." Yet, it seems to me, man fulfils his highest obligation when he ministers to the harmony of the universe by reproducing the humblest tones of Nature. If we could all low like cattle, whistle like the blackbird, bray like the ass—

THE HAT-BOX. Hear, hear!

MYSELF. Yes, like the ass. How much of our boasted speech is superior to braying? I'd rather chirp like the cricket than talk like some people. There is more music, and philosophy, too, in the twitter of the thrush than in the discourse of many prophets. If most of us were thrushes, and none of us

theologians, we should be spared a vast amount of foolish chatter about clerical dogmas and moral revolutions.

THE HAT-BOX. That is the sort of perverse stuff which is generated by people who say we ought to get back to Nature. You were not meant to live in the country, my friend. Your brain is too easily turned by new-laid eggs. Look at that precious oracle who has been lecturing us from Paraguay. The sceptre has passed from England, he tells us, because our island is eaten up by cities. The only hope for our race is in his colony, where nothing seems to be cultivated very successfully except windy rhetoric. It is just as idle to talk about altering the fundamental principles of modern society as to prefer thrushes to theologians. The really potent machinery of the world must always be in the great centres of material activity; and, as for revolutions, the most striking of them leave the essential conditions of human nature untouched.

Certainly there is little basis for the conclusions in the letter headed "Is it a Revolution?" in the *Daily Chronicle*. The writer has set going one of those aimless discussions which, at this season, loosen avalanches of irrelevance from the peaks of insipidity. When I find it gravely affirmed that the knighthood bestowed on Sir Walter Besant and Sir Lewis Morris is a sign that healthy influences in our literature are once more predominant, I suspect the *Chronicle* prophet of subtle irony. He may have said to himself, "The knighthood of Sir Lewis Morris has no more to do with the tendencies of literature than the General Election can have to do with the succession to the Laureateship; but, if I set this up as a portent, it will tempt a lot of people into print with equally absurd portents of their own." Sure enough, the supply of portents is inexhaustible. Here is a philosopher who sees in the "revolution" a triumph for orthodox theology. "Sanity and reverence" have returned to us, and all the modern criticism of the Scriptures is at the bottom of the poll. The electors who thought that, by returning a Unionist majority, they were destroying Local Veto or Home Rule, are told that they really voted against Strauss and Renan, and in favour of Benjamin Kidd. Many a worthy publican will be interested to learn that he has overthrown, not only a Radical Government, but also vivisection, literary decadence, and the "materialism which places selfishness on a pinnacle as the law of life." Unselfishness, I presume, will now reign over our happy land, and all the chickens will neglect their customary food to pick the flies off the noses of the donkeys. The wretched calculation of the man I heard of lately, who said he would *lend* his dress-coat to serve as a burial-shroud of a dead friend, will disappear, and that garment will be freely given, without hope of return. As for literature, the chief plea of the realists will lose all its weight, for, if evil be eradicated from human nature, what can the most imaginative decadence have to say?

Unfortunately, this elysium is still remote, and the "revolution" which is making such a pother is a mere figment. But, as portents are in such demand, I am surprised that so little attention has been paid to the order that policemen in the county of Kent, unless they can grow "military moustaches" or "well-regulated beards," shall appear clean-shaven. "When constabulary duty's to be done," it cannot be efficient if a policeman's moustache is only sprouting or if his beard is stubbly. Decadence in whiskers imperils the moral authority of the law. Why is not the Chief Constable of Kent voted a champion of the new "revolution"? The administration of justice is as much dependent on a clean-shaven police as literature is upon Sir Lewis Morris, or "sanity and reverence" upon Mr. Kidd, or the institution of marriage on the sophistical ecclesiastics who rail at divorce in the *Contemporary Review*, or the future of the English race on the rhapsodical pioneers in Paraguay. I notice that one of the new revolutionaries bursts into a sonnet, demanding "Will nought but War's loud clamour rout the dream?" and beseeches "kind heaven" to "grant us some gentler cure"—say, the correspondence in the *Chronicle*—which is to fill the "Augean stables of our literature" with "wholesome stir and pleasant noise." Of noise there is more than enough—empty noise, without a single note of discriminating criticism. The only way to serve literature is to write literature, not to threaten us, in muddle-headed despair, with "War's loud clamour," as the eventual extinguisher of the Bodley Head. To rave about "Augean stables" whenever there happens to be a little pitch on the railings, is simply to defeat reasonable protest. I have said before in this page that any licence in our fiction now is mainly due to the prejudice which formerly stifled freedom, and, as Thackeray said, made it impossible for an English novelist to paint a man. When rational liberty has to be recovered, there is sure to be excess, which can be chastened by criticism, never by illogical abuse.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

A CHESS CHAMPION.

The chess-player is not particularly familiar to the public except on such rare occasions as the tournament which is now being played at Hastings, in which Herr Bardeleben is taking part.

"When did you begin to play chess?" asked a *Sketch* representative. Mein Herr thought awhile, and then answered, "At about my tenth year. I soon grew very fond of the game, and nearly all the time I could spare from my lessons was given to chess. Yes, as you say, I, like



HERR BARDELEBEN.

others, have some wasted hours to look back upon. But school-boys will waste their time, whatever you may do, and, even regarded as a mode of squandering precious moments, chess has its compensations."

"Well, and after these profligate school-days of yours?"

"Then I went to the University of Leipsic, to study law. I am afraid, however, that I gave more time to gambits than to the quodlibets of the law. At the University I met a great many strong players, and, of course, my game improved immensely. At last chess obtained so strong a hold over me that I abandoned the law altogether——"

"To become a chess-player?"

"Well, yes, I think so. I followed my bent, perhaps the wisest thing to do, on the whole. When at Leipzig I often played with Zukertort, but they were hardly serious games."

"When did you first come to London?"

"I think it was in 1883, if I remember rightly. I was then twenty-two years of age, and was bold enough to measure myself against some of the leading men in the chess world of the day. I played with McDonnell, Gunsberg, and Fisher, and gained the first prize in the Vizianagram Tournament, which was held at the Criterion. Young man as I was, it was sheer impudence on my part to win the first prize over the heads of so many older players," laughed Mein Herr; "but, you see, I hadn't been a devotee of the game for nothing. In the same year I played in the Nuremberg Tournament against Blackburne, Winawer, and some other masters, and was lucky enough to win the fifth prize. In 1887 I won the first prize at the Frankfort Tournament, and in the following year, at the Bradford Tournament, I managed to divide the third and fourth prizes. But you don't want me, I hope, to run through the whole of my career. Let us talk of chess, the great game, and not of the mere men who play it."

"Willingly. First of all, let me ask you a question relative to the respective styles of English and German chess."

"Are there such styles?" asked Herr Bardeleben innocently. "Chess is pretty much the same game all the world over."

"Well, your great opponent, Blackburne, said, the other day, that there was a marked difference betwixt the English and the German styles of chess—that, in short, the German style was laborious, pedantic, and tenacious of small advantages, to the exclusion of great combination; while the English style was that of brilliancy, dash, and smart combination."

Herr Bardeleben smiled softly, and pensively stroked his silken beard. "I have the greatest respect for Mr. Blackburne's opinion, but I do not think with him in this," he said. "Chess is very much a matter of idiosyncrasy. A patient, cautious man will play a slow, cautious game, while an impulsive, eager man will play impulsively and eagerly. We

have both kinds of players in Germany, just as you have them here. The brilliant player, whose game is replete with strategy and far-sighted combination, is sought for and admired in Germany quite as much as anywhere else. But, after all, a wise caution is the very essential of chess—that is, if you are playing scientific chess, and not merely a 'skittle' game. If you are incautious, you certainly lose; if you are cautious, and, at the same time, can play, you stand a chance of winning. I do not see how you can divorce the quality of caution from an intellectual struggle such as the game of chess really is."

"You regard chess as an intellectual contest—that is, when the players are well-matched?"

"Oh, certainly!—a keenly intellectual struggle."

"Well, now, what is your attitude towards chess as an intellectual discipline? I know many people who hold that it would prove a useful substitute for mathematics in schools. Conceive the joy of the present generation of school-boys if they were allowed to play chess daily instead of grinding away at Euclid!"

"Yes, yes; I can imagine that they would be willing enough to make the exchange," returned Herr Bardeleben, with a twinkle in his eye; "but I do not think it would prove to their advantage. In the first place, there is a very great danger involved in learning chess. The game has an almost fatal fascination for those who give themselves up to it, and, if acquired before the habit of self-control is developed, may have the most disastrous consequences; and, as an intellectual discipline, chess falls immeasurably short of mathematics—if, indeed, there be any comparison between the two—in that mathematics deal with fixed and definite propositions, while chess is the most plastic of games, and contains very little that can be regarded as fixed or definite. In chess you not only calculate the moves, but you base a large part of your reckoning upon the character of your opponent. A chess-player who meets another for the first time waits till he discovers what manner of man it is who is sitting opposite him, whether he be patient, or impulsive, or bad-tempered, or nervous, and so on. This human element is not to be found in mathematics. No, the matter is not worth discussing. Let the school-boy keep to his Euclid, and leave chess severely alone."

"But," continued Herr Bardeleben, after a pause, "you must not think that I attach no importance whatever to the mental exercise involved in playing chess. It is a great and noble game, and develops the mental powers to some degree. But that degree of improvement is hardly appreciable by any known test."

"Whom do you regard as the greatest of living chess-players?"

"Ah! now you want to get at my inner consciousness. I shall not say—I have no opinion on the matter that I care to give expression to. But in five years' time, or less, one of two names will be pre-eminent. There are two men in the running for the world's championship, Lasker and Tarrasch, both wonderful players, of infinite resource and undoubted genius. You must be content with that declaration. The championship lies with one or other of those players."

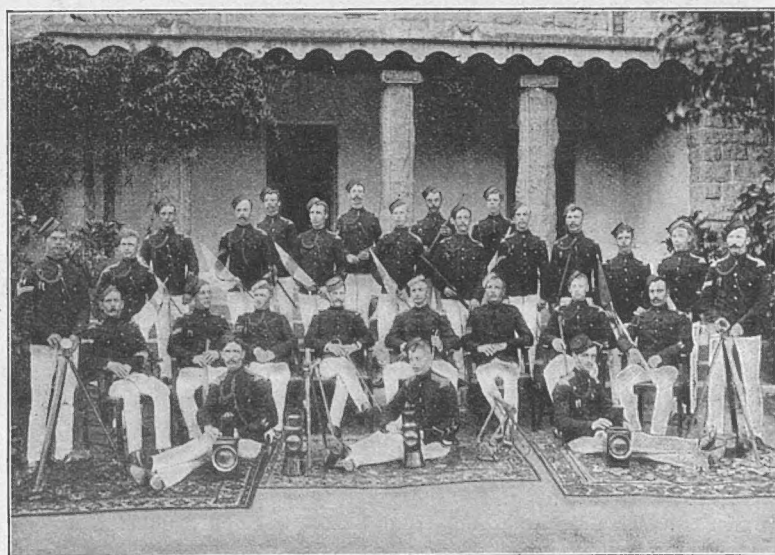
"And how do English chess-players stand?"

"Oh, very well indeed! You have some really great players, and, for the past few years, English players have scored many successes, but the successes were not of the brilliant order, if I may so express myself. There was no manifestation of genius, no lightning-like revelation of capacity. Perhaps, after all, the day of genius at chess has gone by."

The portrait of Herr Bardeleben here given is reproduced by kind permission from the *Chess Monthly*.

ARMY SIGNALLING IN INDIA.

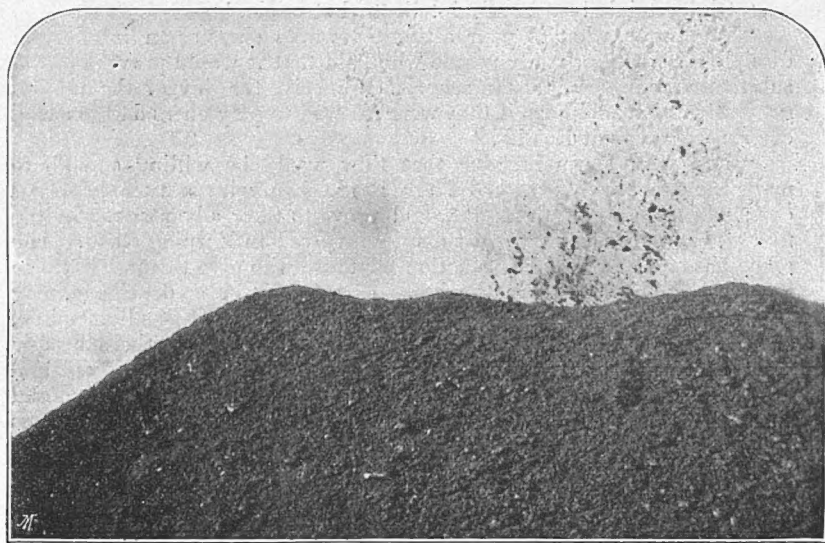
The British Cavalry Signalling Competition in India has been won this year by the 21st Hussars. The tests with the small flags were very severe, telescopes having to be used, as the points were beyond the range



of the naked eye. Their chief forte was accuracy in reading. The total score obtained by them was 474.01, and that of the 16th Lancers, who ran them very close, was 472.68.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII.

Excavations at Pompeii have, for many years past, been progressing slowly under the superintendence of the Italian Government. Some eighty men are now at work clearing away the débris from the ruins between the Porta del Vesuvio and the Porta di Capua; that is to say, on the side of the town nearest Mount Vesuvius. Quite recently the workmen have unearthed a house, not perhaps remarkable for size, but



THE SUMMIT OF VESUVIUS.

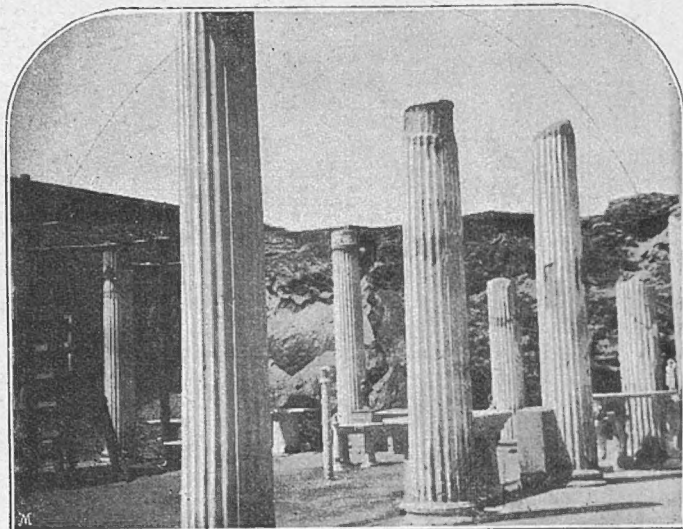
containing objects of great interest and beauty. Eighteen fluted columns supported the roof of the great central hall, and all are little the worse for their long repose in dust and ashes. Seven of them are now quite perfect, though it is evident they have been restored to some extent. The walls are decorated with frescoes similar to those with which all visitors to Pompeii are familiar. Their great charm is their freshness and wonderful richness of colour. One little painting of a cock-fight is especially interesting, as giving a hint at the sporting proclivities of the owner. Other pictures, representing fruit, fish, and game, are surrounded with festoons of flowers. Fresh as these paintings are, a few months' exposure to the air will probably do them more damage than their centuries of burial.

The most remarkable feature of the room, however, as one sees it now, is the marble furniture, if one may so call it. Here one can see the past glories of the Pompeians *in situ*. One feels that there is at least one house in Pompeii which has not been robbed to enrich a museum. Here everything is of marble—tables, fountains, and statues, all in perfect condition and of the purest white. The tables are especially

room stand two tall, slender marble columns, closely covered with carving, and each surmounted with the head of some deity—the Penates, probably, of the household.

On the right-hand side are the retiring-rooms. These, as is usual in a Roman house, are small and quite insignificant in comparison with the main or entrance hall, on which so much care was lavished. The wall decorations here have less to recommend them.

The woodwork of these rooms remains, but is all reduced to charcoal by the red-hot fragments of pumice-stone, which fell over the whole

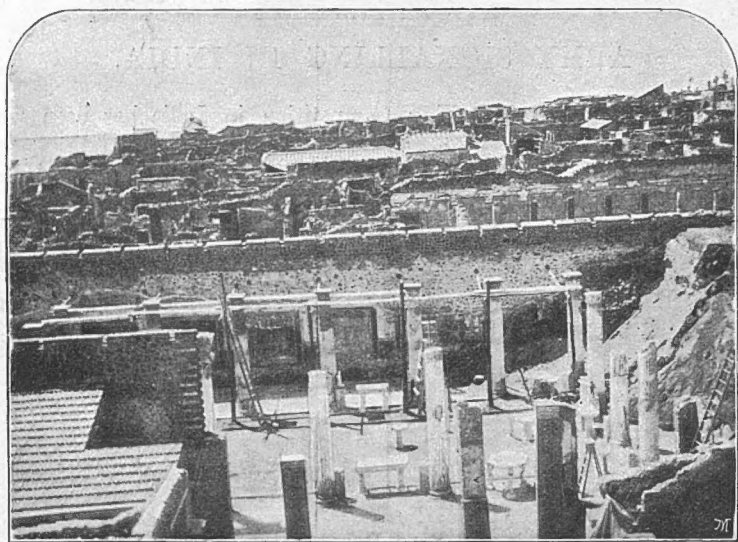


NEWLY DISCOVERED VILLA AT POMPEII.

town to a depth of seven or eight feet, destroying the upper stories of the houses, which, it is evident, were made of wood. There are features in this building that suggest that it had been rebuilt, or at least restored, shortly before the eruption. Many of the houses of Pompeii were, in all probability, more or less damaged by the great earthquake of A.D. 63, and it is clear that some of them were in process of restoration on Aug. 24, A.D. 79, when the town was finally overthrown.

EXTRACT OF CARLYLE.

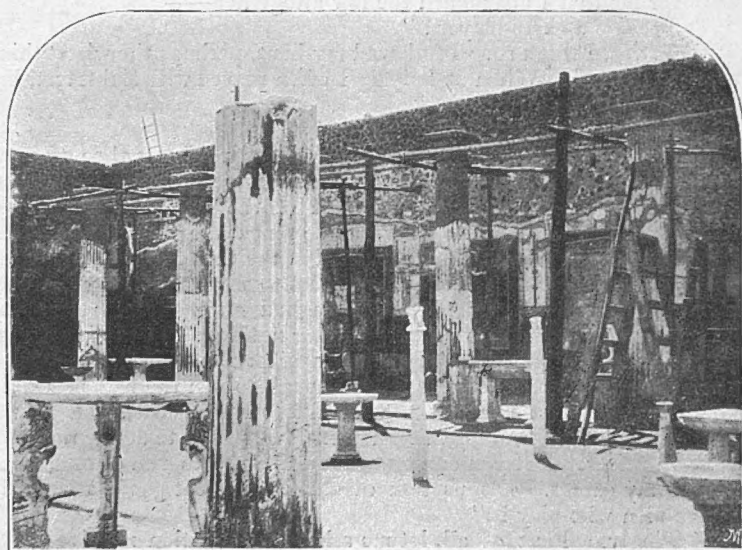
The industrious culler of good things from favourite writers is ever with us. He is an amiable, harmless, and often useful enthusiast—to youth and to the sparsely nourished minds at all ages a boon inestimable. Now and again an ungrateful soil is dug. One deluded lady enthusiast, not so long ago, took Mr. Herbert Spencer for her field, and picked out all the moral, elevated, and picturesque sentiment she could find in him. Now that eminent philosopher and suggestive writer is distinctly unfitted for such selection, and his trivialities were set apart for



NEWLY DISCOVERED VILLAS AT POMPEII.

fine. Some are supported on a single plain or fluted pedestal. The finest, seen on the left of one of the illustrations, stands on three marble legs, each carved in the form of a lion's paw, and surmounted by a lion's head. This table stands three and a-half feet high, and measures three feet across. The other tables are round, and measure from eighteen to thirty inches in diameter.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the ornaments are the fountains, of which there are several. The basin, as shown in one of the illustrations, is raised some feet above the floor. Two marble statuettes of great beauty, from which the water seems to have been thrown, stand at each end of an oblong basin, about four feet in length. In the centre of the



admiration with but little foil of sound philosophy or original observation. Jefferies is another not very responsive writer who has been dug in lately by the searcher for pretty thoughts. The result is, however, not quite so incongruously disproportionate to the value of the mine. Now we have "Thoughts on Life," by Thomas Carlyle (Chapman), and very likely it is not the first book of the kind. To all whom it may concern—and books of selections concern far more than will own to picking up mental nourishment from them—this one may be recommended for the good taste and for the intimate knowledge of Carlyle displayed by the selector, Mr. Robert Duncan. It contains, too, a photogravure from the best photograph of Carlyle that ever was taken.



LADY DE TRAFFORD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Promenade concerts may not be an absolute necessity, but one wonders how we have managed to exist without them during the last two "silly seasons." For it is two years since Covent Garden was a bright oasis in the desert of the tuneless months. It is now the Queen's Hall that opens its doors to the homeless Muse—to speak by the card of fifty years ago. In spite of the alarming storm of Saturday night, there was a large crowd to listen to a really fine orchestra, which numbered among its executants Mr. Ould, Mr. Fransella, and Mr. Howard Reynolds. The orchestral selections were no less than ten in number, and, in addition, unlimited singing and unlimited encores. Mr. Newman has introduced a novelty at these concerts, and so earned thanks, by having had all the instruments set to the French pitch. Madame Van der Veer-Green's singing of "Robin Adair" was a sheer delight, and made one forget entirely the immediately preceding song from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Dalila" and Kistler's Chromatic Valses. Extraordinary compositions these valse are, with their curious sequences of semitones. Mr. Frangon-Davies made a hit with "Father O'Flynn" and the Prologue to "I Pagliacci," as did Mr. W. A. Peterkin with Vulcan's song from "Philemon and Baucis." Mr. Peterkin has had an eventful career: first, medical student at Edinburgh, and International football player; then Texas *ranchero*; and now concert-singer, with a good chance of making a name for himself. The other singers were Madame Marie Duma and Mr. Iver McKay.

TRAFALGAR THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY DANA. THE PASSPORT. By B. C. Stephenson and W. Yardley. Every evening at 9. Miss Gertrude Kingston, Mr. George Giddens, &c. At 8.15, IN AN ATTIC, by Wilton Jones. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 3.

EMPIRE.—EVERY EVENING, TWO GRAND BALLETS, FAUST and ON BRIGHTON PIER. GRAND VARIETIES. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA. To-night new grand BALLET, TITANIA. At 8, A DAY OUT. Grand Varieties. THE GRAND WRESTLING TOURNAMENT every evening at 10.30. Prices 6d. to £3 3s. Open 7.45.

EMPIRE OF INDIA EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT. The Conception and Design of IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General. Open 11.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. Saturdays open at 10 a.m. IN SUNSHINE OR RAIN, the most delightful resort in London. A MIRROR OF INDIAN LIFE. INDIAN PALACES, WORKSHOPS, COLONNADES, LAKES, JUNGLES, AND STREETS. ARTISANS, PERFORMERS, JUGGLERS, AND SNAKE CHARMERS. FOUR BANDS OF MUSIC. PICTURE GALLERY AND LOAN COLLECTION. THE GREAT WHEEL RUNNING DAILY. In active preparation, and shortly to be produced in the EMPRESS THEATRE, IMRE KIRALFY'S Great Historical and Lyrical Spectacle, "INDIA," from Elizabeth to Victoria.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY. "The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles." —LORD MACAULAY. OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

Earl Houghton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says: "At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole route, and when the Southern Hotels Company have completed their new hotels and their additions to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

Tickets are also issued to Kilkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND). NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

The principal Seaside and Health Resorts of Ireland are situated on this Company's System. BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside Resort in the United Kingdom, and is within a few miles by rail of LOUGH ERNE (THE IRISH LAKES), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun. ROSTREVOR.—Balmey and restorative climate. WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, HOWTH, exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT the VALLEY OF THE BOYNE, and view the ruins of Mellifont Abbey, Monasterboice, and Newgrange Tumuli, THE PYRAMIDS OF EUROPE.

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CONNEMARA, ACHILL, AND WEST OF IRELAND.

Tourist Tickets are issued during the Season from the principal towns of ENGLAND and SCOTLAND for Tours through CONNEMARA and WEST OF IRELAND, embracing GALWAY, CLIFDEN, WESTPORT, ACHILL ISLAND, BALLINA, and SLIGO. For grand, picturesque combinations of Mountain, Lake, and Ocean scenery the West of Ireland cannot be surpassed. Good Salmon, Trout, and Pike fishing in the district. The Railway is now open to CLIFDEN and ACHILL. Information as to Fares, Routes, and Hotels will be supplied by JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager, Midland Great Western Railway of Ireland, Broadstone Station, Dublin.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

TROUVILLE RACES. AUG. 14 to 18.

ON AUG. 14, 15, 16, and 17, CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to TROUVILLE (via Southampton and Havre) from Waterloo 9.35 p.m., Vauxhall 9.5, Queen's Road 8.58, Kensington (Addison Road) 8.47, West Brompton 8.50, Chelsea 8.52, Clapham Junction 9.12, Wimbledon 9.6, and Surbiton 9.26 p.m. Available to return by any Train or Boat within one month of the date of issue. Return Fares, First Class 30s., Second Class 22s. 6d. CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

BRIGHTON SEAFORD EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS WORTHING LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT. Frequent Fast Trains from Victoria, London Bridge, and Clapham Junction. Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road) and West Brompton. Return Tickets from London available for one month. Week-end Cheap Return Tickets issued every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Improved Fast Train Services. Pullman Car Trains between London and Brighton and London and Eastbourne. Through Bookings to Ryde, Cowes, and all Stations in the Isle of Wight.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT, via the Direct Mid-Sussex Route, from Victoria and London Bridge, the West-End, and City Stations. Week-day Fast Through Trains and Boat Service—

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Victoria dep.	6 45	10 25	10 30	11 35	11 40	1 45	3 55	4 55	7 17	7 25
London Bridge						1 50	4 0	4 55	5 0	
Portsmouth arr.	9 0	12 45	1 5	1 40	2 16	4 23	6 39	6 56	7 38	10 25
Ryde	9 55	1 50	1 50	3 0	3 0	5 10	7 30	7 40	8 35	
Sandown	10 45	2 29	2 29	3 37	3 37	5 46	8 14	8 14	9 24	
Shanklin	10 51	2 36	2 36	3 45	3 45	5 52	8 19	8 19	9 30	
Ventnor	11 4	2 50	2 50	3 35	3 35	6 6	8 30	8 30	9 40	
Cowes	11 23	3 17	3 17		3 35	5 35	9 7	9 7		

Extra Trains leave Victoria 1 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m., Saturdays and Tuesdays only.

BRIGHTON.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS. EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. EVERY SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon. Fare 10s. 6d., including admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. EVERY SUNDAY, Cheap First Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Fare 10s.

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TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY, Cheap Fast Trains from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.25 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m.; from London Bridge 9.25 a.m. Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 3s. 6d. Returning by any Train same day only.

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London to Paris	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.
Victoria dep.	10 0	8 50	Paris dep.	10 0	9 0
London Bridge	10 0	9 0	Paris		
	P.M.	A.M.	London Bridge	arr.	7 0
Paris arr.	6 55	8 0	Victoria		7 50

Fares—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

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FOR full particulars see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End Offices, 23, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY. via HARWICH and ESBJERG. The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkeston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9 a.m., returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships Koldinghus and Nidaros. These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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THE FLITCH OF BACON.

Harrison Ainsworth did more than anybody else to familiarise us with the quaint old custom which attracts several hundreds of visitors every August Bank Holiday to the sleepy little country town of Dunmow, in Essex.

The institution dates from the thirteenth century, when Sir Robert Fitzwalter came to Dunmow, in the disguise of a country bumpkin, and wooed and won a peasant girl. He waited for a year and a day before declaring himself, when he went to crave the Abbot's blessing. The Abbot thereupon presented the happy pair with a flitch of bacon, and Sir Robert was so pleased by this courtesy that he exclaimed, by his halidome! he would make it worth the Abbot's while to present flitches of bacon to every happy couple who should come to him and vow that they had not regretted their matrimony for a year and a day. To this end he settled many broad acres upon the Abbey.

The fanciful character of the custom appealed to all sorts and conditions of English couples from far and near, right away to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then, somehow or other, like many other old customs, it fell into disuse, until Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, in the course of his researches for historical novels, chanced to light upon the story. His book provoked a correspondence, and, when he found that so much interest had been aroused, he determined to make an effort to restore the old usage. This effort was speedily crowned with success, and the institution now shows every sign of vitality, the more so as other attractions, in the shape of cob and pony races, conjurers and music-hall variety entertainers, park swings, "steam gallopers," shooting-saloons, a trapeze-railway, a ladies' cloak-room, refreshments, "the Brass Band of the South Metropolitan School, Witham," and a "grand display of fireworks," form part of the programme.

The proceedings began at two o'clock, in the meadows on the Causeway at Great Dunmow, some two miles from the old Priory of Little Dunmow, where the flitch of bacon had its traditional origin. First we witnessed a very game pony-race, the conditions of which were that ponies of fourteen hands should carry nine stone, and seven pounds be allowed for every inch under. The winner was Mr. King's Playmate, a neat little pony of 13.3. At half-past two there was a hurdle-race, of about two miles, for cobs and ponies of fifteen hands and under, fifteen hands carrying eleven stone, and an allowance of seven pounds being made, as before, for every inch under.

At a quarter-past three we all hurried into a large marquee for the event of the day. The jury of six bachelors and six maidens was grouped at the side, and betrayed a becoming diffidence, which, however, seemed to wear off as the proceedings took their course. Mr. J. M. Welch proved an efficient and dignified judge, and, being by profession an auctioneer, had no diffidence to get over. The marquee was arranged to hold some thirteen hundred people, but a good many more had made their way in, and it was literally packed to overflowing. A good deal of quiet fun was made of the three couples claiming the flitches, not only in cross-examination by the opposing counsel, but even during the examination-in-chief. Whether the questions were always in good taste is a matter of opinion, but they certainly served the purpose of entertaining the audience.

The principal couple comprised Sergeant-Major Baker, of the Yeomen of the Guard, and his wife. The gallant Yeoman is an imposing-looking veteran, who seems particularly proud of his voluminous white beard; he is exactly double the age of his wife, for he has reached three-score years and four. The veteran answered the questions which were put to him in a precise, military manner, which used to be more familiar among old soldiers than it is now, when the short-service system leaves, after all, comparatively few traces on its victims. The Sergeant-Major served with the 79th Highlanders, and he saw a great deal of active service; he went through the Crimean War, and had the distinction to be severely wounded in the Mutiny. His military achievements have brought him the many medals that decorate his uniform. He was married in January 1894. His wife is a pleasant little woman, and she caused a good deal of amusement by her ready and apt replies when under cross-examination. The other claimants were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, of Market Harborough, a short, stout couple; and Mr. and Mrs. Clough, of Surlingham, near Norwich.

After the proceedings, which

had resulted in a verdict in favour of all the couples, they were chaired in procession through the damp meadows in a drizzling rain, and taken to the traditional "rough stones" for the traditional "confession" and sentence. These run as follows—

THE CONFESSION.

You shall swear by custom of Confession
That you ne'er made nuptial transgression;
Nor, since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife,
Or otherwise, at bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word:
Or in a Twelvemonth and a Day
Repented not in thought any way,
Or, since the parish clerk said Amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again;
But continued true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire.

THE SENTENCE.

Since to these conditions, without any fear,
Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole Flitch of Bacon you shall receive,
And bear it away with love and good leave;
For this is the custom at Dunmow well known:
Though the pleasure be ours, the Bacon's your own.

Racing was resumed at five o'clock, and my last recollection of Dunmow is that of the rockets and Catherine-wheels as I took my departure in the gathering twilight.

Now is the burglar's suburban harvest-time, so it is said, while householders are enjoying their annual autumn holiday. There is no doubt that the said householders assist at this nefarious harvest-home—at least, a good many of them—by leaving their homes but inefficiently looked after while disporting themselves at the seaside or in the country. Even when that nomad, the "caretaker," is employed, there is a certain element of danger, for domestics take the opportunity of doing a little holiday-making "on their own" during the absence of master and mistress; while the caretaker does not neglect to take care of her own enjoyment by taking too strict a care of the property entrusted to her charge. At these seasons a fire-proof and burglar-proof safe is doubtless a comfort, but even that may fail you in time of need. A friend of mine went off to enjoy his vacation with a light heart, for had he not expended a considerable sum in the purchase and fixing of an excellent safe warranted to defy the efforts of the most skilful burglar? One thing he forgot, however, and that was the duplicate key of this useful receptacle. That he left hanging on a hook beside it. His house was burgled, and his most cherished valuables were, of course, taken, the burglar leaving a sarcastic note, scrawled on a piece of paper, thanking him for so kindly putting them "altogether so handy like."



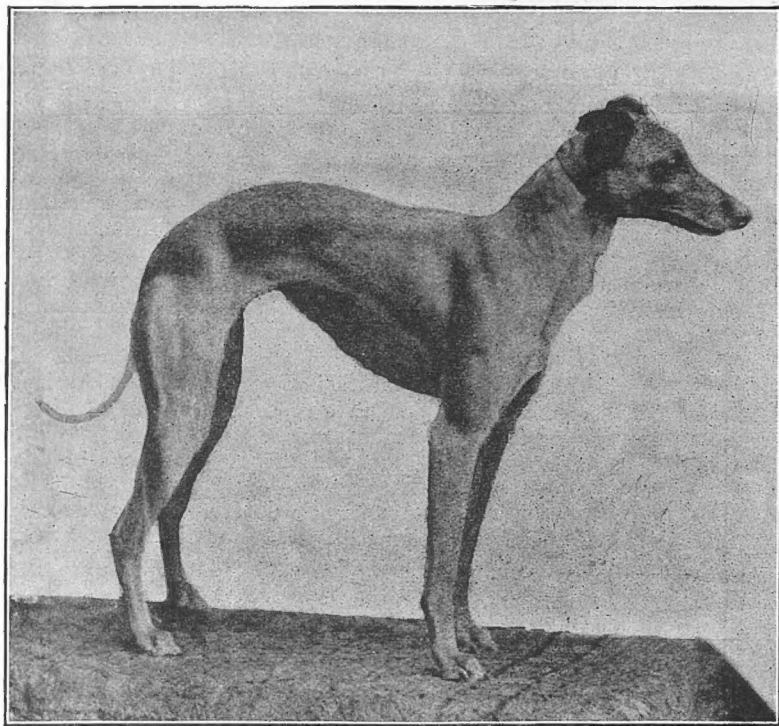
SERGEANT-MAJOR BAKER AND HIS WIFE, AND MR. AND MRS. CLOUGH.

WHIPPETS AND WHIPPET-RACING.

A new and fascinating amusement has been introduced to those of us who live in London and its far-reaching suburbs (I may almost go so far as to say to the whole of the South of England) during the past season, in the whippet-races, which were inaugurated as a fashionable pastime at Ranelagh during the first show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in June, and witnessed by the Princess of Wales and many other royal and titled spectators, and which have since proved a potent attraction at the Aquarium, twice each day since the first week of July.

In the Northern and Midland counties, where the sport originated, it has long enjoyed a favourable reputation, though its patrons and principal supporters have been men of the working classes, by whom the animals taking part in the sport are termed "running-dogs," and who value them so highly that even during the hard times of the last big coal strike they refused to part with them, even when good money-offers were made, and at least partially fed their dogs, while themselves and their families were starving.

The appellation of "whippet" is of comparatively recent origin, and the derivation of the term is unknown. It was not until the year 1890 that the Kennel Club officially recognised whippets, but ever since that time the breed has been steadily working itself into favour as a show dog. Twelve of them were exhibited on the show-benches in the Agricultural Hall at Cruft's Great Dog-Show in February of this year,



MR. W. P. LYNE'S "ROSIE MARIE,"

WINNER OF FIRST, HIGH BARNET; THIRD, CRUFT'S, 1894; AND OTHER PRIZES.

more than half the number being well-known prize-winners at former shows, principally in the North or the Midlands, and an equally good show was made at the Crystal Palace in April. Some of these were valued by their owners at a hundred pounds.

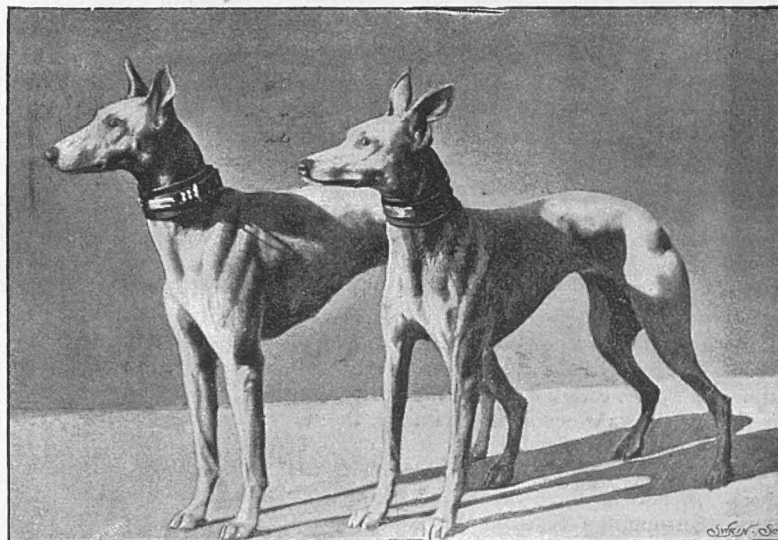
The typical whippet of to-day is actually a greyhound, reduced in size by the cross of the terrier and the Italian greyhound, and the old description given of the greyhound may, with the exception, perhaps, of the second line, apply equally to the whippet—

The head like a snake;
The neck like a drake;
The back like a beam;
The side like a bream;
The tail like a rat;
The feet like a cat.

When one sees the game little animal holding on to his towel with the tenacity of a bull-terrier, one recognises the fact that his neck must be as strong as well as a long one. The following description of the points of a whippet, tersely given by Mr. G. Raper, is as follows: "Head long and clean, rather wide between the eyes, and flat at the top. The jaw powerful, yet cleanly cut. Teeth level and white. Eyes bright and fiery. Ears small, fine in texture, and rose shape. Neck long and muscular, elegantly arched, and free from throatiness. Shoulders oblique and muscular. Chest deep and capacious. Back broad and square, rather long, and slightly arched over loins, which should be strong and powerful. Forelegs rather long, well set under dog, possessing fair amount of bone. Hind quarters strong, and broad across, stifles well bent, thighs broad and muscular, hocks well let down. Feet round, well split up, with strong soles. Tail long, tapering, and nicely carried. Coat fine and close. Colour: black, red, white, brindle, fawn, blue, and the various mixtures of each."

The usual distance for the race is 200 yards, but very good sport may be seen when, as at the Aquarium, the course is only a little over a hundred yards, where the dogs run straight as an arrow, and with a gameness that must compel the admiration of every spectator.

The sport is conducted in the following manner: Each dog is held by the "slipper" on the yard-mark allotted to it by the handicapper. Just prior to the firing of the pistol by which the start is effected, men termed "runners-up" show the dogs a towel, and start off up the course, shouting and waving the towel, to attract and excite the little dogs. When these "runners-up" have reached the winning-line, the pistol is



MR. TINCKHAM'S "VICTORIA REGINA" AND MR. BURROW'S "UNORNA."

fired and the dogs slipped. Then these plucky little beauties go at top speed, as straight as possible, straining every nerve and muscle to get home first. The "runners-up" are required to station themselves ten yards beyond the winning-post, and each to bear a scarf of the colour of the ribbon round the neck of the respective dog to which he is appointed to act; and the judge indicates the winner by hoisting a flag corresponding in colour with that worn by the dog; and no one watching the race can but feel assured that the successful dog is fully conscious of his victory; while their eager cries and yelps while being held waiting to be "slipped" equally prove their anxiety to start on their race to the desired goal.

The "slippers" are important factors in all whippet-racing. Each holds a dog by the neck and tail, and, when the pistol fires, he gives the dog as much impetus as he possibly can by gently pitching it up the track.

For the exhibition handicap at Ranelagh the dogs and their "slippers" were all borrowed by Mr. W. H. Sprague from the most celebrated Lancashire tracks. The same gentleman, who is President of the West London Dog-racing Club, acts as judge at the Aquarium races. Another authority on whippets is Mr. Freeman Lloyd, of the National Whippet Racing Club, from whose three-and-sixpenny book, "The Whippet and Race Dog," two photographs are reproduced here by kind permission of the publisher, Mr. T. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand.

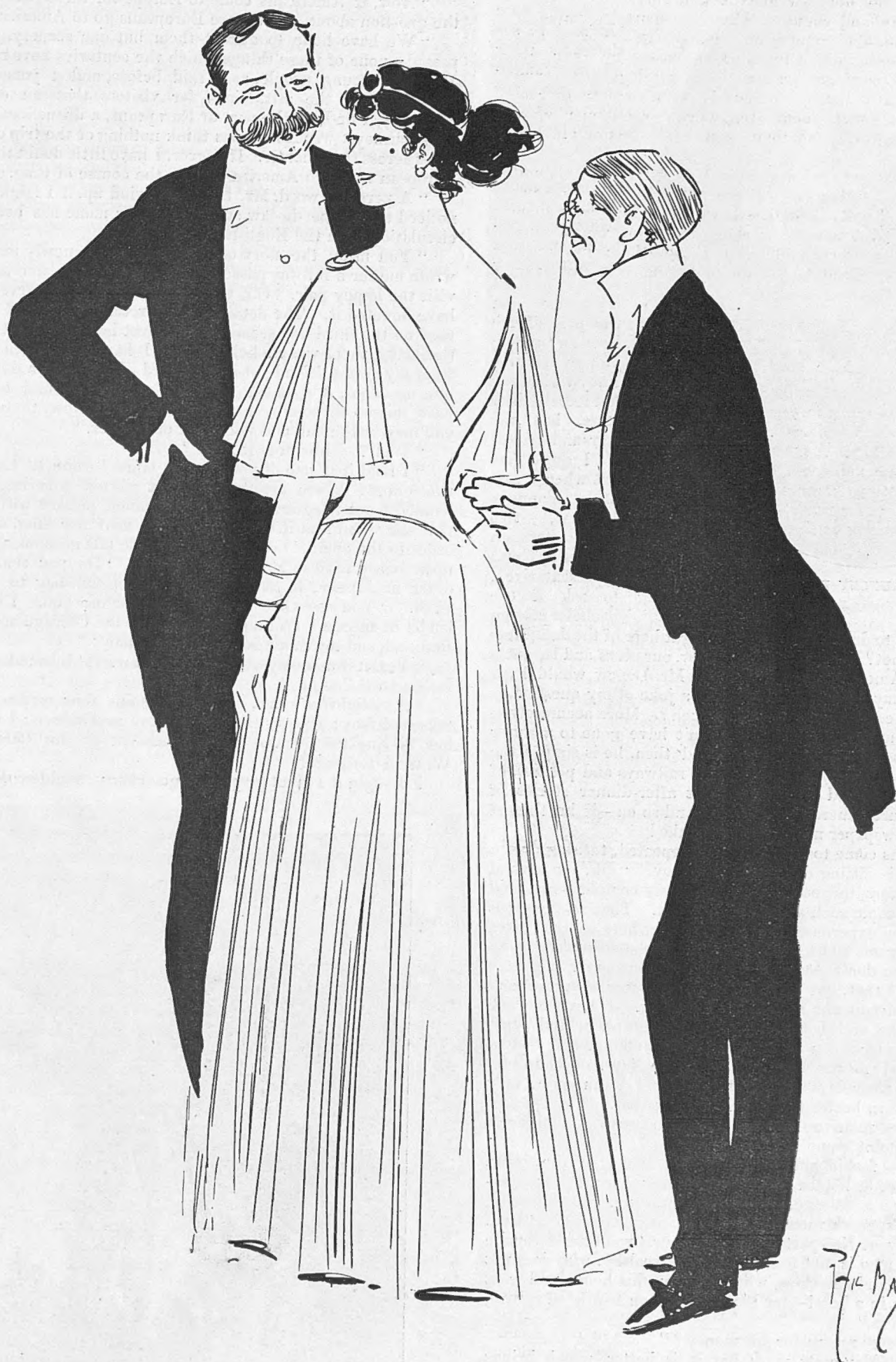
As companions and friends, whippets hold their own with any breed of dogs. They are gentle and affectionate, and make capital house-dogs; at the same time, they are graceful and pretty enough to ornament any carriage for Park driving, or the most fastidious dog-loving lady's drawing-room.

L. S.



MR. ARTHUR W. BROWN'S "FLOREAT ETONA,"

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE, CRYSTAL PALACE, 1894.



LITTLE SNOOKS (to celebrated burlesque actress just returned from America): Awfully glad to see you're back again, Miss de Vere.

WHY AMERICANS COME TO ENGLAND.

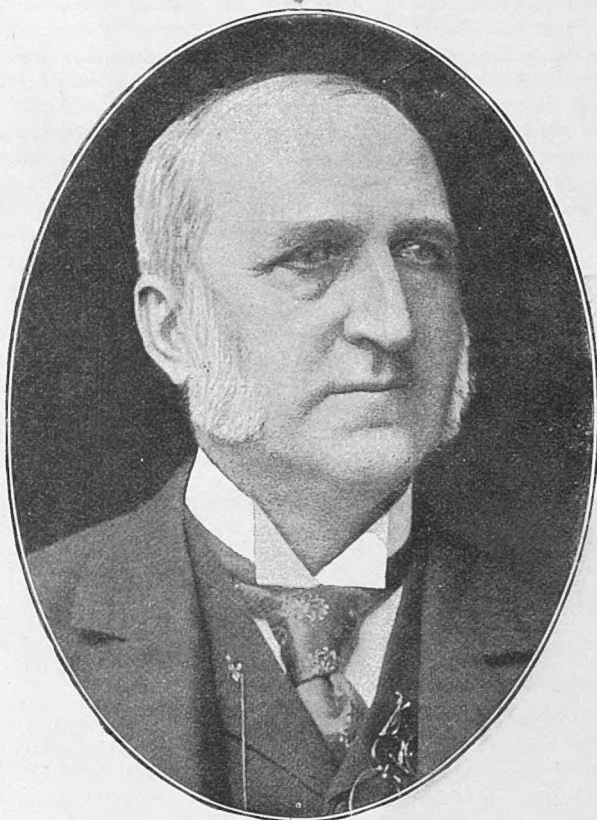
MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW GIVES THE REASONS.

We have had more American visitors among us this summer than has ever been known before, and still they come. The present American exodus to Europe has surpassed, by a long way, that of the Paris

Exhibition year, and it previously stood as the record.

We are charmed to see them all. Their bright women-kind give our great thoroughfares a piquancy which October, alas! will remove. No doubt though, some brides will remain, and that is something for thanks, especially on the part of the bridegrooms. Happy fellows! They will thank not merely their stars, but the stars and stripes!

I quite forgot when I saw Mr. Chauncey Depew, the other afternoon (writes a *Sketch* representative), to ask if the bachelor portion



MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

of Debrett has anything to do with the summer flight here of the daughters of the Republic. Why not? Sometimes, you know, our peers and baronets and folk go over to America. But I'm sure Mr. Depew would have laughed me to scorn; nay, he would have made a joke of my question.

Why does America come to England so much? More accurately—Why does America come to Europe? I couldn't have gone to a better authority than Mr. Depew for the answer. And then, he is simply the interviewer's paradise. If Mr. Depew tires of railways and politics, of making eloquent speeches, and telling the best after-dinner stories, of being regarded as a future American President, and so on—if he tires of these things, what a newspaper man he would make!

"Why do Americans come to Europe?" he repeated, turning over a bundle of letters in his sitting-room at the Savoy. "Oh, for several reasons. A voyage across the ocean gives the only complete rest and change which a busy people such as we are can get. That is the great reason. I take my own experience. If I go somewhere in the States for an outing, my telegrams and letters follow me, to be answered."

"So that, really, you don't get rid of the drag of business?"

"Just so. Not only that, but I have to reply to those telegrams and letters without the assistance of my office machinery. I have not the data I require beside me, and I have not the stenographers and typewriters. In every instance when I have tried to find change and rest at home, I have returned to my work within three days. Coming to Europe, you get seven clear days' rest either way, and I can speak very distinctly of the benefit in health to be derived from that."

"What about the relative cost of the two ways of taking a holiday? Does that point come in?"

"Formerly, it was fashionable in America to go to the great watering-places, and live at hotels. It is not so any more. A fashionable family must have a cottage, and must entertain. Accordingly, fashionable people can spend a vacation in Europe at much less cost than they could spend it, say, at Newport or Bar Harbour, two of our favourite resorts. For the man who is not fashionable and wealthy, who does not need to have a cottage and entertain, who closes up his home, and goes to the seaside and lives in a hotel—for him a European trip is, of course, relatively more expensive."

"But he gets a greater return for his money?"

"Quite so. The holiday costs more, but it is better, which brings me to a second reason why Americans come here. To people living in a new country, it is an unceasing delight to visit the cathedrals, the picture galleries—all the historic places of Europe. A younger people must always preserve a deep interest in the older part of the globe, from which they sprang. There is a magnetic power in the associations of ancestry, whether that ancestry is near or remote. A man or a woman likes to visit the localities with which his or her family may at one time have been connected."

"Perhaps we get even more American women visitors than men—not fewer, certainly?"

"I can only remind you that Paris fashions still govern the world, and that, naturally, American women come to Paris for them. Their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, will come with them, or the American girl will come alone, for she can be trusted by herself anywhere in the world. There! I feel sure, too, that she is made very welcome wherever she goes, as certainly, for her own sake, she ought to be. The flight of Americans to Europe every year is likely, so far as I can judge, to grow greater and greater in volume. The bad times in America somewhat stopped it for a few years; but affairs have now re-entered upon prosperity, as witness, for one evidence of the fact, the phenomenal passenger-traffic to Europe this year."

"Now, if Americans come to Europe for these reasons, why, turning the question about, don't more Europeans go to America?"

"We have little to attract them but our scenery, which is unsurpassed—none of those things which the centuries have reared in Europe. We are a young people, as I said before, and a young people cannot possibly have the attractions for visitors that an old people have. Moreover, I find, on the part of Europeans, a disinclination to undertake long journeys. We Americans think nothing of the trip of three thousand miles across the Atlantic. However, I have little doubt that the amount of European travel to America will, in the course of time, greatly increase."

"A personal word, Mr. Depew, to wind up, if I might? You perhaps noticed the mother-in-law story that your name has been giving a wide circulation to in the English papers?"

"You mean the story of the young and newly married friend who wrote me for a railway pass for his mother-in-law, in order that she might visit the happy pair. Oh, yes, it's quite true. I marvel that you should have doubted it. The detail that the return portion of the pass must be used on the third day seemed to me most important. It had to be used on that day; there was no help for it. I have not had a letter of thanks from my young friend yet on the head of the return date for that pass; but, no doubt, it's among the bundle of letters and telegrams which I have missed by coming away to England. Now, there's another story you may have read, and not a bad one either."

"Well? How does it run?"

"I read it in one of your papers since I came to London, and it's to this effect: When Jenny Lind first visited America, a telegraph-boy handed her a telegram. She was so much pleased with his intelligence that she asked him if he would like to hear her sing, and gave him an order to the opera. Years afterwards, the tale goes on, a gentleman called upon Jenny Lind in England, and asked, 'Do you remember giving an order in Albany, in America, to a telegraph-boy to hear you sing?' 'Yes.' 'You see that telegraph-boy before you. I have climbed the ladder of success; I'm now President of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, and my name is Chauncey Depew.'"

"Yes, it's a pretty story, Mr. Depew. It's so natural, and truthful-looking too."

"A delightful story, only it contains four errors. I was never a telegraph-boy; I never saw Jenny Lind in America; I never called upon her in England; I was never President of the Chicago and North-Western Railroad."

I thought it a great pity that a good story should be spoiled in this way.



MISS DESBOROUGH.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen's change to Osborne has not, so far, afforded her much relief from the State ceremonies usually only incidental to Windsor. The arrival of the German Emperor at Cowes necessitated a succession of luncheons, dinner-parties, and ceremonies on the grandest scale. Her Majesty is looking forward to the time when her departure from the Isle of Wight will enable her to obtain the period of peace and quietness at Balmoral which she so much needs. Fortunately, the Queen is in good health, but she has had many private worries of late, and requires rest.

Orders were sent to Balmoral that only a sufficient quantity of grouse to supply the requirements of the royal household at Osborne were to be shot on the twelfth. The birds required were obtained by the royal keepers shortly after daybreak, in order that the boxes might be forwarded to Osborne by the morning mail.

The Prince of Wales is to leave London at the end of the week for Homburg. The Princess and her daughters will, it is understood, be conveyed from Cowes to Copenhagen in the Osborne, which is to land them at Aberdeen when they leave Denmark, and they will afterwards spend a month at Braemar with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, before going to Sandringham. The health of the King of Denmark is now causing so much anxiety that the existing arrangements of the Prince and Princess of Wales may be altered at any moment.

The Empress Frederick has decided to pass next winter in Italy, and will spend two months at Rome and a month at Naples. The Empress will probably come to England from Cronberg at the beginning of November, to visit the Queen at Balmoral and the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham, before her departure for Italy.

Princess Christian leaves Cumberland Lodge this week for Bad-Nauheim, near Frankfort, where she will take a course of the waters before going to Darmstadt. Later on, the Princess will proceed to Dessau on a visit to Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt. Bad-Nauheim is on the north-east slopes of the Taunus Hills, between Frankfort and Cassel, and was the favourite watering-place of the late Princess Alice, who stayed there several times with her children. The town is built at the foot of the Johannisberg, a finely wooded hill, and the surrounding country is very picturesque, with many charming excursions. There is a handsome Kursaal and an admirably fitted-up bath-house. The salt springs of Nauheim are strongly mineralised, and they attract about ten thousands patients a-year, principally Germans.

Here is a view of Flichity House, Inverness-shire, where Mr. Gladstone is to spend the autumn as the guest of Mr. George Armitstead, who has so often been the ex-Premier's host.

The naval manœuvres give a special interest to "Per Mare," Fred T. Jane's serio-comic Naval Annual (Tower Publishing Co.). "Personal

out-manœuvred and out-fought. The Commander is eulogistic as to the bravery of the Chinese sailors, and very bitter on the cowardly treachery of the mandarin officers. A pictorial naval record for the last twelve months, from sketches contributed by naval officers, runs through the annual. These are mostly of a humorous nature, the most amusing incident possibly being the chasing of an express train in the manœuvres



FLICHITY HOUSE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Photo by G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

last year by a torpedo-boat destroyer. There are also several illustrations—presumably by Japanese artists—of the Chino-Japanese War. An article headed "The A.S.B.E.C.S.A." is a highly diverting account of a presumed meeting of naval experts. It is not difficult to guess who is intended by Chasers Bycroft, M.P., and the advocated abandonment of the China Station, in consequence of the purchase by Siam of ten torpedo-boats, by a Mr. Allwise Lashings, recalls a recent magazine article very forcibly. No technical knowledge is required to appreciate this article, which, though published anonymously, is, it is whispered, written by a very well-known naval officer of high rank. There is an interesting account, at first-hand, of the Northampton's recruiting trips, started by the late Administration with highly successful results. The writer relates how a boy, coming on board with a parcel for an officer, was weighed, washed, and measured, as a would-be recruit. Another boy brought a certificate, duly attested by a magistrate, to the



"THE BATTLE OF THE YALU" (FROM FRED JANE'S SERIO-COMIC NAVAL ANNUAL).

Experiences at Yalu" is an interview with Commander McGiffin, of the Chinese Navy. Commander McGiffin fought the ironclad Chen Yuen at Yalu, and in the interview various points hitherto ignored are given considerable prominence. According to Commander McGiffin, the Japanese bribed the Chinese Lord of the Admiralty into cutting short the supply of shell, so that the Celestials were unable to inflict damage by shell-fire upon the enemy; he, however, admits that they were

effect that he was born on Feb. 29, 1877. In "The Death of Nelsing," W. L. C.—whose initials seem familiar—gives an absurd yarn by an old salt who claimed that "Nelsing" pretended to be dead at Trafalgar to avoid being made an archbishop, the only dignity not already conferred upon him. His subsequent adventures form the subject of the yarn. There are many other articles, and the annual is distinctly amusing.

The masterpieces of Greek drama seem to become increasingly popular in schools. Last week the performance of "The Frogs" at Leatherhead was dealt with in these pages, and now I must refer to the production at



ISMENE (MISS WINIFRED JONES).

Anerley of Sophocles' "Antigone" by the young ladies attending the Grange School, South Norwood, with the following cast—

Creon (King of Thebes)...	MAUD J. REEP.
Hæmon (Son of Creon)...	AUDREY HILDESLEY.
Messenger ...	LILY WICKHAM JONES.
Antigone {	Daughters of Œdipus {
Ismene {	ETHEL DALTON.
	WINIFRED JONES.
	ELIZABETH GOODE.
Guards {	FLORENCE BLAND.
	EVELYN PARSONS.

The production was a great success. The staging was exceedingly well done, the costumes, supplied by Nathan, being very pretty. The choruses, to Mendelssohn's music, led by Miss Valérie Salberg, were admirably given. After the play, Mr. Melton Prior, the veteran war correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, presented the prizes.

Wasn't it Nellie Farren who used to sing the ditty, "I've been photographed like this, and photographed like that"? A lady singing in a comic opera in America has been almost beating the record in that respect. She made a contract to pose exclusively for one photographer, and on the first sitting, which occupied an entire day, he took her in as many as a hundred different positions! Hard work for both parties, I should think.

There have been plenty of paragraphs as to the probability of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Way to Win a Woman," being brought out by Mr. Willard at the Garrick, after the run of "Alabama" at that theatre, but no further details have been vouchsafed by these writers. I, therefore, supplement their "information." "The Way to Win a Woman" was produced for the first time on any stage March 10, 1894, at the Hollis Street Theatre, the company interpreting it being headed by Mr. E. H. Sothern. The important parts of Harry Halward and Madge Carruthers were filled by Mr. Sothern and Miss Grace Kimball, and the cast further included such names, once familiar to English audiences, as Fanny Addison Pitt, Kate Pattison, Rowland Buckstone, Charles Harbury, and C. P. Flockton.

Jerome's play was hailed as a success on its first production, the plot being considered strong, the characters well drawn, and the comedy passages full of honest fun, while there was an exceptionally charming love-scene between the two characters named above. Madge Carruthers has caused Harry Halward to believe that she cannot marry him, although she loves him, because he is poor, and thus Halward dishonestly gains a fortune by destroying the will by which a Mexican miner had left a large sum to his son. Later on, Halward makes amends for his wrong-doing, and restores the fortune to the rightful heir, while Madge saves him from committing suicide by acknowledging that she had caused all the trouble, and will now marry him in spite of his being

again poor. Such is the bare outline of Mr. Jerome's piece, which perhaps London playgoers may have an opportunity, before long, of comparing with "The Prude's Progress."

Once again the charms of T. E. Dunville move me to a paragraph of praise. He is the most delightful vulgarian of the music-hall stage: he makes me feel anxious to go into some dark corner and laugh life away. I heard him on the first night of "Titania" at the Alhambra, and I had a paroxysm of keen enjoyment. He sang a parody of a well-known sentimental song, and then another lightning ditty. Both were vulgar, yet neither was objectionable. And, while he sang, all his limbs moved as though on hinges, his beard turned several ways at once, and his "shocking bad hat" seemed to lend subtlety to the fun. The way he moves, his signs to the audience—all his business, in point of fact—how amusing it is! Give me the average low-comedian, and months of him will not provoke me to a smile; but when the name of Dunville appears on a programme, I am, for the time, as the men who whistle the chorus of comic songs, call serious by their Christian names, and smoke "toofers." He is my connecting-link between the part of me that is serious and the part profane. He is the weak spot in my armour of "culchaw." He is, he is—T. E. Dunville. I can say no more.

I met Mabel Love, a few days ago, for the first time since her return from Paris. She told me that she was just going away for a holiday, and would return to London and the theatres thereof for the autumn season. The long run of the Liverpool pantomime left her but one day's rest, and when that was over Paris claimed her for the Folies-Bergère. "I confess that the entire engagement was like a long holiday," she said. "I had two dances every evening, and they did not keep me long in the theatre. The best part of the day was spent in sight-seeing." I asked her how Paris treated her, and was not surprised to find her very enthusiastic. "After the first night or so," she said, "the people gave me a regular reception, and at the theatre itself I was splendidly treated. M. Marchand was very kind. I had a splendid dressing-room, and received an immense number of flowers. I had a sheaf of offers from the agents for Berlin, Vienna, and even St. Petersburg, but I have not accepted any, though I may go as far as Paris once more." This is as it should be, for Mabel Love is as charming on the stage as she is in private life, and I don't want to have to leave England to see her dance.

A gentlemanly looking person may be seen in Regent Street playing the sandwich man. He has a board in front and another behind him, setting forth the hard fate of his mother, whose name is given, and charging his father, a University man, with desertion. Why the sandwich gentleman is not working instead of parading the streets with this



HÆMON (MISS AUDREY HILDESLEY).

skeleton out of the family cupboard he does not explain. It is not usual for a man to expect money from the public in alms because his mother was "totally deserted" by his father.

By a curious confusion of names in last week's issue, Lord Grimston (now Lord Verulam), instead of Lord Grimthorpe (formerly Sir Edmund Beckett), was credited with the restoration of St. Albans Abbey.

THE "ANTIGONE," AT ANERLEY.

Photographs by Goodwin, Anerley Road, S.E.



CREON (MISS MAUD J. REEP), AND THE MESSENGER (MISS LILY WICKHAM JONES).



ANTIGONE (MISS ETHEL DALTON), AND ISMENE (MISS WINIFRED JONES).



Leader, Miss Salberg.
THE CHORUS OF THEBAN MAIDENS.

I have often wondered why, when we had new Jubilee coin in 1887, and a later issue to take the place of these atrocities at a comparatively recent date, such issues were confined to gold and silver, and why her Majesty on the coppers, or, to be correct, on the bronze, remained in the low dress of so "long, long ago," with her back hair dressed so that, when deftly manipulated, it made an excellent profile presentment of a well-known Lord Mayor. This anomaly has apparently struck the authorities at the Mint, who, on being struck, proceeded to strike a new farthing. A short time ago these were ready to issue, and a few did, I believe, actually find themselves as legal tender in the City of London. The issue was speedily stopped, for it was noticed that the Queen's head was exactly similar to that on the latest half-sovereign, and a bright farthing, though a trifle larger than the gold piece referred to, might easily be palmed off to the unsuspecting in the place of its more valuable relation. Farthings of 1895, like the first sixpences of 1887 (suppressed for a similar reason), are likely, therefore, to be rarities which the coin-collector may be advised to snap up.

We were talking the other day of presence of mind; from that we came to calmness in emergencies, and, more particularly, the calmness of those "that go down to the sea in ships." Someone quoted our old friend in one of Marryat's novels, who gave orders to be called when it "blew harder," and who eventually, when he was told it "blew a gale," went off to sleep again, requesting to be called "when it lulled." An American, who had been supping with us, asked if we had ever heard of the Yankee merchant-captain and the torpedo-boat. On our replying unanimously in the negative, he recited how a torpedo-boat had collided with a trader, expatiated on the gap made in her side, of the water that poured through it, and how the mate had rushed below to the captain, exclaiming, "There's a d—d great hole on the port side, and the water's pouring in!" "Ah!" exclaimed this descendant of Marryat's captain, "then why the devil, you lubber, don't you make a d—d great hole on the starboard side, and let it out again?"

The "Island Gardens." The name has a poetic sound, but the surroundings of the new recreation-ground which rejoices in that nomenclature are by no means poetic. The "Island Gardens" are situate, not in some "fairy isle of ocean," but in that somewhat squalid and depressing river district yeleft the "Isle of Dogs." The ground now so tastefully laid out has been acquired at a comparatively small cost by the London County Council, and was once, I believe, the site of a wharfinger's business. Now, with its promenade fronting the river, it is a bright spot in one of the most dismal of London localities. The "Isle of Dogs" is a familiar name to Londoners, but it is curious how many of them (I have tried the experiment) are unable to tell you exactly where it is. For the benefit of the ignorant on this subject, let me say that the Isle is situate exactly opposite Greenwich Hospital, and that it is made an island by a great bend of the Thames, which surrounds it on three sides, while on the fourth is a canal; beyond the canal are docks, and beyond the docks the weary wastes of Poplar. The authorities are to be congratulated on creating an oasis in such a desert.



THE LATE LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S BOOK-PLATE.

The late Lord Randolph Churchill's intense admiration for the House of Commons is curiously exemplified by his having instructed Mr. Zaehnsdorf, the famous bookbinder, to engrave for him a book-plate with an interior view of the Assembly of which he was so distinguished a member. The plate, which we reproduce, was only recently completed, and has a mournful interest. Lady Randolph selected for her book-plate a design by Bartolozzi, which one of Mr. Zaehnsdorf's staff has cleverly engraved. Both the statesman and his wife

were very fond of reading, and the political section of Lord Randolph's library was intermingled with novels, both French and English, and with the chief classics. It may be remembered how enthusiastic the late member for Paddington was over "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Mr. Chamberlain can no longer be derided by certain of the Press for his inability to rise, in quotation, above the works of Dickens. In a recent speech he soared to Shakspeare, and applied the words of the Ghost in "Hamlet" to the Liberal Party. Not only that, but he succeeded in applying them nearly correctly. His incorrectness, indeed, evidently did

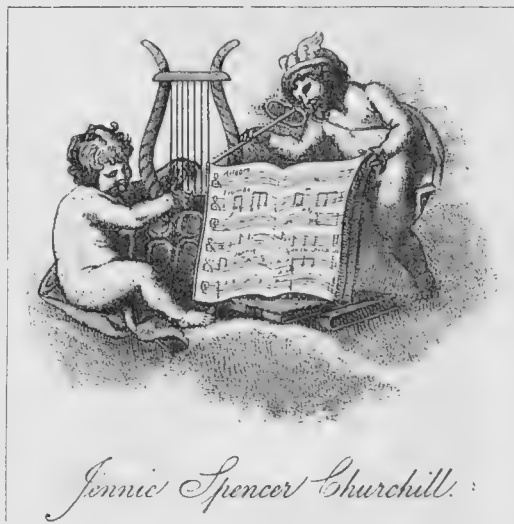
not arise from ignorance of his subject, but rather from a want of reverence for the Bard, which allowed him to alter the pronouns in the quotation from singular to plural. It is a pity that the immortal dramatist can do nothing now to safeguard his lines from sacrilege. Perhaps a certain playwright of to-day could give "W. S." a hint on the subject. The gentleman in question, whose *libretti* are not unknown at the Savoy, has, I am told, so strong an objection to the slightest alteration in his, doubtless, immortal work, that he now puts a clause in his agreements, which forbids any actor or actress to depart from the text of his or her part. What the penalty may be in case of disobedience, I did not hear, but the gagging low-comedy merchant must be careful in future when he is honoured with a part in any work by this most autocratic writer.

Unless he should decide at the last moment to prolong his stay, Herr Eduard Strauss will have gone from us by the time these lines are in print. He and his orchestra have done good service alike to the Imperial Institute and the lovers of dance-music. It was a liberal education to listen to their rendering of some of those famous waltzes to whose strains we have all danced so often. And Herr Strauss is an excellent conductor. The way he manages to play the violin for one moment and conduct for another is clever as well as amusing. He seems, however, at times, to find some difficulty in not dancing. His feet surrender themselves slowly to the tempting rhythm, and then he suddenly recollects himself, pulls up, beats fiercely through a few bars, and again succumbs. I don't suppose that many months will elapse before he returns to England; and, in any case, Sir Somers Vine is to be congratulated upon having provided a charming entertainment for the public at large, as well as for the Fellows of the Institute, who have been present in large numbers on Wednesday nights during the past season.

Have you ever read the gossip about the British Peerage that appears in some American newspapers? If you have, you will appreciate the force of a letter I have received from a correspondent all the way from California, who writes that the horrors chronicled by those gossips make him "afraid to visit England. Are the people really so bad?" Well, the Peerage was once described as the finest thing the English have done in fiction; but it isn't "Keynote" fiction, by any means.

The paragraph I wrote the other week about the models of soldiers manufactured by (and in) Britain has drawn forth such a number of letters asking for the address of the modeller that I feel bound, to save myself the trouble of writing letters, to give it here. The models are the work of Messrs. Britain, of 28, Lambton Road, Hornsey Rise, N. As for the little lead soldiers, I have described them already in prose, and, having since had the chance of amusing myself with one of the boxes containing a variety of different military types, I am compelled to fall into jingle—

There are armies great and small,
There are armies short and tall,
There are some who never fight, while some have bled;
But I never saw a lot
That compared with those I got
In the shape of Tommy Atkins in lead.
There were Blues, and Buffs, and Greys,
And a troop on glossy bays,
Their accoutrements and helmets had a sheen;
And the horses always pranced
As the infantry advanced
With as soldierly a step as could be seen.
And my midget men of Mars
Numbered lancers and hussars,
With a drummer and a trumpeter to boot;
There were Highlanders in kilts
(Don't their tartans look like quilts?),
And a goodly representative of foot.
But I think that nothing thrills
Like the batt'ry from the hills,
And the mules that bear a cannon on their backs;
For I hear the bullets ring
While I see the little thing
(In imagination) mowing down the blacks.
I marshalled all my corps,
First in line and then in fours,
And later in a formidable square;
But I much regret to say,
That they couldn't march away,
And the little leaden trumpets couldn't blare.



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S BOOK-PLATE.

Below I give an amusing series of photographs of Miss Dorothy Britain, *at*at. three and a-half, the daughter of the modeller, which were taken by one of her uncles with a hand-camera.

It was with a feeling of sorrow that I found myself at the Princess's Theatre on the night when it was reopened at popular prices. I do not mean to suggest that the play, "Saved from the Sea," rendered me sorrowful, for, in truth, it diverted me, particularly in the sensational scenes, which, however, really thrilled the house. Yet, naturally, I thought of the former days, when the Oxford Street playhouse held its head high. There must be playgoers who recollect the Queen's Bazaar, which formerly stood on the site of the theatre built, in 1840 by Hamlet—not the Prince of Denmark, but a wealthy silversmith, who was a noted figure of the times, and once reputed to be a millionaire. Certainly there are many who recollect the English debut of the famous Charlotte Cushman, in 1845—the actress who, like Madame Geneviève Ward, started her career as a singer, and, suddenly losing her voice, was compelled to turn to the "legitimate." There are not a few who consider the Meg Merrilies of Charlotte Cushman the most terrific piece of acting that they ever saw.

Edwin Forrest, her compatriot, also first appealed to a London audience over the footlights of the Princess's, and it is well known that his unexpected failure caused the New York riots, in which Macready's life was aimed at, and twenty people were killed. Passing by Charles Kean's remarkable management, famous for its splendid Shakspearean revivals and his productions of French melodrama, one comes again in the theatre's history to an important foreigner. For in 1859 Mr. Augustus Harris, father of Sir Augustus "Drurionianus," presented Fechter to Londoners, and Fechter presented a rendering of the part of Hamlet that caused prodigious discussion, and has influenced every Hamlet since by killing nearly all the old traditions. One enthusiastic writer, the able H. Barton Baker, has even called Fechter the "Luther of our stage," to which a French wag, learned in out-of-date slang, would say "Martin," which, being translated, is "Walker." Who has forgotten the production of "Drink" in '79, when Mr. Charles Warner made his name, or the rebuilding of the theatre in 1880, when Mr. Edwin Booth appeared without success?

Though some nowadays speak lightly of Mr. Wilson Barrett, and even scornfully of his Hamlet, the years of his management deserve record, if only for the wonderful mounting of "Claudian" and "Clito," and the prodigious success of "The Silver King," certainly one of the best melodramas on record. It is a matter of notoriety that, after Mr. Wilson Barrett's departure, the big theatre rarely saw success, nor, indeed, is there anything in its history of note save, perhaps, the "Cleopatra" of Mrs. Langtry, and Mr. John Hollingshead's effort, with "Miami," to make it the home—as it was originally—of cheap light opera. The experiment made with "Saved from the Sea" is likely to be successful, and the piece itself—a vigorous, simple, sensational melodrama, well acted—should hold the boards for some length of time.

Among the names of artists engaged for Mr. Wilfred Clarke's season at the Strand, I observe that of Mr. Arthur Wood, one of the very best actors of the old school still among us. Excellent as a Shakspearean clown, Mr. Arthur Wood has also, I am told, done good work in private life as an engraver.

Everybody has quite properly been saying pleasant things about Mr. G. H. Betjemann, on his appointment to the leadership of the Covent Garden orchestra, in succession to the late Mr. J. T. Carrodus. Mr. Betjemann has a clever son, who is also in the musical profession; another good all-round musician is his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Boatwright. The latter, who was for years a member of the Royal Italian Opera band, has more recently, in his capacity as musical director at the Britannia Theatre, written and arranged the music for pantomimes and various dramas brought out at Mrs. Sara Lane's huge playhouse, which is to be found "up Hoxton way." Like his brother-in-law, Mr. Boatwright is much esteemed.

It is pleasant to see mother and daughter performing in the same company, and hence I chronicle—the appearance of Miss Emily Cross at the German Reed Entertainment, while Miss Fanny Holland has been away on her holidays. I mentioned a few weeks ago that Miss Emily Cross's talents as an actress, &c., were inherited by her daughters, one of the three, Elsie, having lately joined the St. George's Hall Company, and the others, May and Lily, being also clever girls.

In some instances, imitation is really "the sincerest form of flattery," and so it is, at any rate, in the case of that three-penny society courier, the *Melbourne Sun*, which, in a recent double number, published a dramatic souvenir much in the style of *The Sketch* supplements. The souvenir consisted of reproductions of scenes from "The Fatal Card," which was then being produced at the Theatre

Royal, Melbourne, by Mr. Bland Holt and company, Mr. Holt playing the Harry Nicholls part, and other important rôles being filled by Miss Hilda Spong, Mrs. Bland Holt, Mr. W. E. Baker, and Mr. Albert Norman.

In Miss Grace Hawthorne's tours with "Theodora," that den of lions always formed one of the chief attractions to the unsophisticated playgoer, and now I see that, for a provincial melodrama, which I described a short time back, a live alligator of formidable appearance is to be secured to serve as an advertisement. A property alligator had, as before explained, played an important part in the mimic drama. "Quousque tandem, Catalina?"

The return of Mr. George W. Smalley to his native land, as American correspondent of the *Times*, has set him free to contribute to various transatlantic papers, the *New York Tribune* thus losing the monopoly which it has for years enjoyed. Mr. Smalley is now writing a series of articles on "Foreign Affairs" for the *Boston Sunday Journal*, and however debatable his opinions may be, they are set forth in a manner that interests those who differ from them most.



"Are there any spiders in these roses, Dorrie?"



"I believe there are."



"I'll look and see."



"Yes!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. BRITAIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



THE SEPARATION DEED.

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.

"It is usual, I believe," he said, "before dissolving partnership, to take accounts. Let us see what we each brought into the firm."

"You begin," she answered.

"I brought fair ability, energy, ambition, a decent position, means of comfortable life, an unblemished name; everyone said I wasn't 'a bad sort,' and, more than all, I brought deep, true, passionate love."

Said the woman, "I brought beauty"—her statement was splendidly true—"youth, physical purity—to which you do not lay claim." He bowed. "Perhaps little else, for it was generous of you to marry the daughter of an undischarged bankrupt."

"What have we got out of our marriage?" continued the husband. "Let me speak. Of course, the honeymoon was a failure; poets and novelists—he spoke bitterly—"tell wicked, ridiculous lies about honeymoons; they never are wholly happy—unless, perhaps, when it's the wife's second honeymoon. After that, three months' exquisite, almost mad joy; then four months of happiness, followed by three of contentment, ending in a year of gradually increasing misery."

"Of course, the honeymoon was a failure," she answered. "The next three months were happy, the following four not bad, the subsequent three indifferent, and the year was intolerable. You got more out of the business than I, for you put more in. Alas! I had not the beautiful mad love as capital, and yet—"

"And yet," interrupted the man, misunderstanding, "you have wasted that capital, and the beautiful mad love has gone; and I, who once would have died for you, more than that, would have lived disgracefully for you—I do not believe in the 'loved I not honour more'—am content to dissolve partnership, willing that we should part as friends."

"Content? Willing?" she asked. "Tell me, what do you regret most?"

"I regret my bankruptcy," he said. "I began our partnership with what I thought a splendid, inexhaustible fund of love. I look back to moments of happiness beyond description, and now I am insolvent in love. After all, I believe," he continued, with a pleasant, manly smile, "I believe that it is 'better to have loved and lost,' even if it be the love and not the sweetheart that one has lost. Do you regret nothing? What clings in your mind?"

She shook her head.

"Come, you should tell me? There, on the table near you, is the deed of dissolution, the separation deed—it hasn't even been engrossed on parchment, but is printed on paper; at the end are two seals. We execute the dissolution deed by putting our fingers on the seals; the partnership was executed with our lips. In a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hawkins, the lawyer, will be here to witness the execution. Tell me?"

She shook her head again—her splendid head, regular in feature, delightful in complexion, crowned with gorgeous auburn hair, illumined by deep, large, violet eyes.

"You regret nothing?"

With a sigh she answered, "I regret that you have cast your pearls before me. I regret that I have misprized and lost your love, that I gave you little in return. I regret that my very inability to return your love truly has irritated me by making me feel your debtor; that feeling of irritation has helped to make you miserable and me miserable too."

"I did not use the word regret quite in that sense," he answered. "I meant, is there nothing that you look back to of happiness that yet lives in your memory?"

She put down the fan that had fluttered in her tender hands, and, with half a smile, half a blush, answered, "There was one thing, one moment, that I regret."

He rose, and walked up and down the room, the daintily furnished room, everything in which was a note in a dead love-song.

"A year ago, almost to the day, certainly to to-morrow, we were at Étapes, you recollect?"

"It was for economy I went, because it was ridiculously cheap and very pretty, and I hated Boulogne."

"I remember how we wandered about; how, alas! we quarrelled in the lovely pine-woods—or, to be true, I quarrelled, and you suffered—

and the splendid sea-shore, where I said bitter things, because my friends were at Trouville and I at the quiet Paris Plage, and you were sad and silent."

"My dear," he interrupted, "I was greatly to blame."

"Hush! you must not interrupt. Then, one day, we took a boat, a clumsy boat, and sailed out, despite the warnings of the fishermen. I didn't care, you didn't care, what happened: we had quarrelled—or rather, I, at lunch, said harsh things."

"My dear," he interrupted, "there were faults on both sides; they rendered life intolerable and love impossible, but—"

"Hush! We rowed out; you had the sculls and I steered; at least, I lay in the stern and splashed the waves with my hands—the hands you used to kiss so often."

She paused, and looked at the hands—firm, plump, and white, and decked with lovely rings of curious workmanship. He, too, looked at them and sighed. She sighed.

"But out we went. Then the skies became dark, the water darkened too, and grew rough, and you tried to turn; we were far, far away from shore; you must have been looking at me instead of the land, or you would have seen that we were floating fast in a current. With an effort, you brought the boat round and pulled for safety. Oh! you looked splendid. Your thin jersey showed the lines of your strong, supple body, the muscles of your arms and chest rose superbly, and your manly face, flushed and firm, fascinated me."

The man smiled, half scornfully.

"You pulled hard, and I don't think I was frightened. I didn't care what happened. Then the rotten oar cracked, and you bound it round with our handkerchiefs; but it still was weak, so you tore off a long strip of my petticoat to bind it with, and we drifted, drifted out. When at last you tried again, it snapped, and the blade fell into the sea. Then you came to me, to the stern, and took the tiller from my hands. You put your arm round my waist, and said, 'Don't be afraid, dear wife!' I knew we were drifting out to open sea, storm, and death, and was aware that you knew it. 'Don't be afraid, little wife,' you said, and suddenly put your arm round my neck."

"I remember."

"Yes, I know; let me go on. You brought my face to yours, and laid your lips on mine. Oh, that kiss—that kiss! It still stings on my lips. In it I felt the depth of your love; I felt that I loved you—felt that we were man and wife, and the only beings alive on land or sea. That kiss is what I regret—that kiss, the one moment of rapture in my life."

She paused.

"I remember."

"Why did that foolish steamer save us? I could have died there, happy in your arms—quite happy."

"Quite happy?"

"Yes, quite. To think that we quarrelled within a week—at least, I did—and things went worse than ever afterwards! What are we women made of? The old song is wrong—we are made of gall, and wormwood, and marble. To think that we are here, and that paper lies there! You've acted very handsomely, allowing me more than half your income, and letting me keep the flat."

"Do you think I could live in it after you have gone?" he answered, with a break in his voice. "There's nothing in it that does not speak of you—it's a graveyard of memories."

She looked at him over the fan and saw tears in his eyes. Then she rose and walked across the room.

"Herbert," she said, in a timid voice, after a long pause, "it is four o'clock; he'll be here in five minutes to see the deed executed."

The man bowed his head and hid his face in his hands.

She took out her handkerchief—a ridiculous bit of lace and lawn—and touched her eyes.

"Herbert, to-morrow is just a year after that day; the night train starts at eight o'clock. If we went to Étapes, we might find—might find—that kiss again."

He jumped up, tears in his eyes and a smile on his lips, "You mean to say—?" He caught her in his arms and pressed his lips long and passionately on her mouth.

"I don't think we really need go to Étapes," she said, with a smile, after a long pause, "but it will be a pleasant little—little honeymoon."

He rang the bell, told the servant to tell Mr. Hawkins that no one was at home, and she bade the girl pack her things instantly. When the girl left the room, they both took hold of the deed, and slowly, gravely tore it into two pieces.

"It is a new way," he observed, "of executing deeds of separation."

MISS MARY AUSTIN.

Miss Mary Austin, who is taking the leading part in a sensational play called "Passion's Power," which is running in the provinces, has been on the stage since she was fifteen or sixteen—six years ago. There is a tradition in her family that one of her ancestors played with Shakspeare under the name of Osten. Be that as it may, Miss Austin herself has had the distinction of playing at Exeter, for the first time since the days of stock companies, the once popular drama, "Ingomar."



MISS MARY AUSTIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

THE PLEASURES OF POLO.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.

Though, in England, polo has, for nearly twenty years, been looked upon as an established pastime, it was not until a comparatively recent date that the Spanish and the French nations adopted the game, and,

pony. As a fact, plenty of moderately good players and riders are able, when well mounted, to play a far better game than your tip-top player and horseman indifferently mounted.

The question was asked a day or two ago, Why do not ladies play polo? The answer is a simple one—Because a year or two ago they tried to do so and failed. In two counties in Ireland, two sets of “girls of the period” organised polo clubs, and in both counties the clubs speedily



IN PURSUIT.

somewhat to the surprise of a certain set of prejudiced and insular Englishmen, the foreigners have made such rapid improvement in their play that now they have become adversaries by no means to be despised. That such actually is the case, indeed, was fully proved at the Ranelagh Club lately, when a representative Spanish team, consisting of M. Larios, Don Eustace de Escaudon, Don Manuel de Escaudon, and M. Erraza, played a capital match against M. Charles Duval, the Comte de Madre, M. Maurice Duval, and Baron Lejeune, who represented France. Ultimately, the Spanish proved to be the stronger team, and won by three goals to love, M. Larios and Dons Eustace and Manuel Escaudon being accredited with one goal each.

During the last ten years the popularity of polo has increased all over England, if not by leaps and bounds, at least steadily—so much so that one of our leading players, Captain F. Herbert, late of the 9th Lancers, about a year ago, found it necessary to start the now well-known *Polo Magazine*. And, truly, there are few, if any, games that need, and consequently develop, so many manly qualities in its votaries as the

collapsed. Why? Because, in the first place, the fair players found it impossible to withstand the strain upon the system and the wear and tear that the game necessarily entails; secondly, because the game is nowadays played so much faster than in days gone by.

An ungallant though famous statesman not long ago likened a race-horse to a woman's tongue, “because,” he said, “the less it carries, the quicker it runs.” Certainly, the polo-pony of to-day in several ways resembles the “girl of the period” of whom we hear so much. Both, in most cases, are descended from ancestors who would nowadays be called “slow,” and both are, year by year, growing faster and faster. And perhaps it is well that they should grow faster, for, living, as we do, in a fast age, we should very soon lag behind were we to strive to creep and crawl through life as our fathers were wont to do. As already stated, polo-ponies are now very much faster than the ponies of ten years ago; also, they are bigger. Consequently, the game is played much more quickly, and there is far more “dash” and “go” about it. Then, the players themselves, many of them, live at considerably higher pressure



THE COMTE DE MADRE'S STABLE.

game of polo—polo, which has rightly been termed, “the king of all manly games.” It goes almost without saying that a man, in order to be a finished polo-player, must be a finished horseman, also that he must be endowed with pluck, skill, and judgment, a strong constitution, and a cool head. Yet many a man able to ride only fairly well can often play a very good game, especially if he be mounted on a clever, well-trained

than the players of a decade ago, and possibly some of the spectators themselves are rather more “rapid” than the majority of their acquaintances believe them to be. In every way, indeed, the modern game of polo resembles a great race—resembles even the human race—for every competitor or member goes almost as fast as his neighbour, and ends by striving to go a tiny bit faster.

B. T.



THE RANELAGH TEAM.



Don M. de Eseauon.

M. Larios.

M. Erraza.

Don E. de Escaudon:

THE SPANISH TEAM.



Baron Lejeune.

Comte de Madre, M. Maurice Duval.

M. Charles Duval.

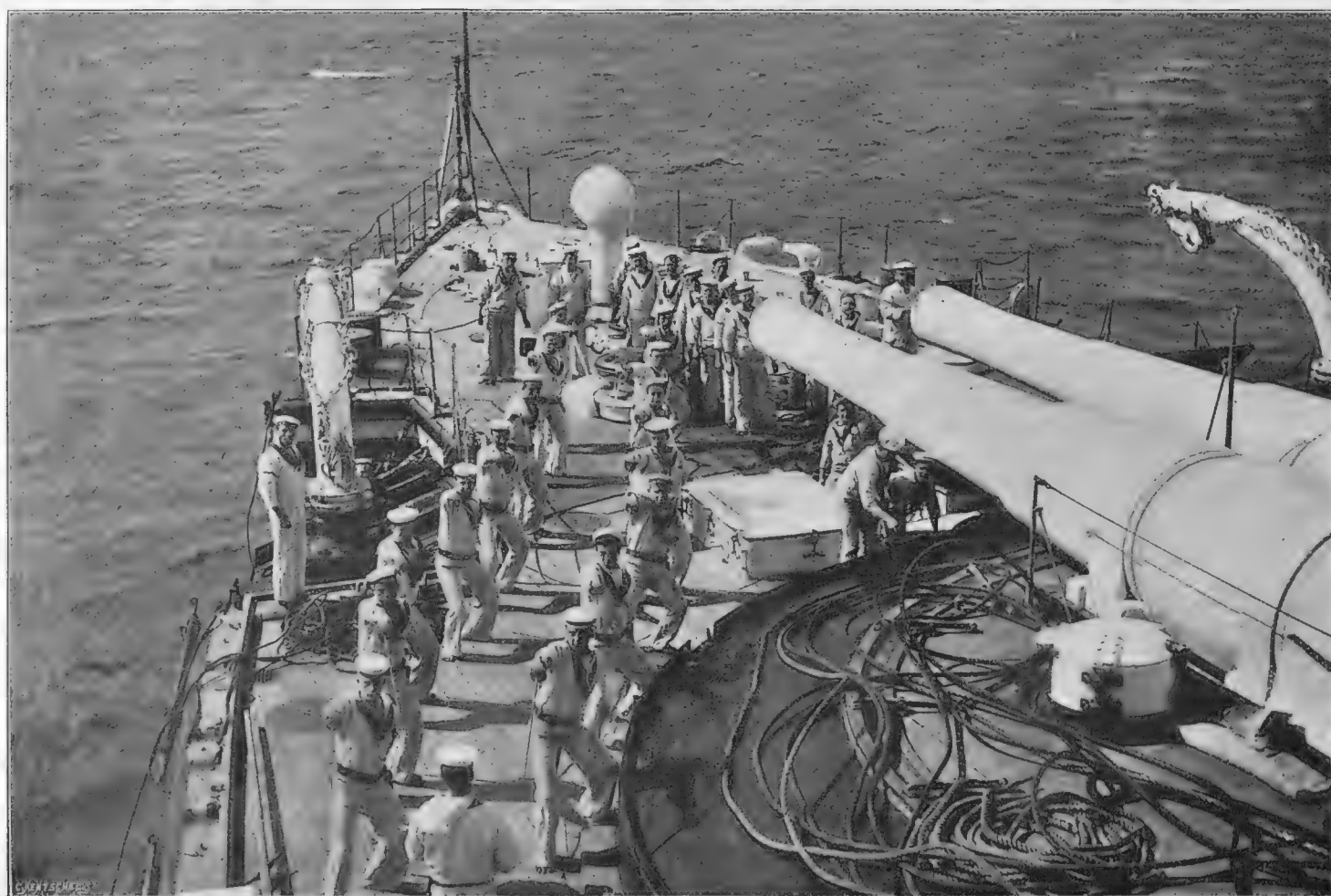
THE FRENCH TEAM.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.



DROPPING A TORPEDO NET.



CUTLASS EXERCISE.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.



CLEANLINESS



AND GODLINESS.

CROSSING A NORWEGIAN GLACIER.

Photographs by S. J. Beckett, Hackney, N.

The crossing of a Norwegian glacier at midnight is an experience not readily forgotten, and the Folgefond is typical of many others. We start from Sundag at six in the evening—it is a night in June—sixteen men, strong of head and sure of foot, accompanied by ten guides with eight horses. Going leisurely along the mountain-path, alternately riding and walking, always on the ascent, a height of three thousand feet is attained at 8 p.m., when a halt is called for hot cocoa and boyril. Starting again



A DIFFICULT BIT.

for the summit, splendid views of the mountains, lakes, and the North Sea, nearly a hundred miles off, are obtained, the reflection in the lakes of the snow-patched mountains being particularly noticeable. Snow is reached at 10.30 p.m., and now comes the real test of pluck and endurance. An expanse of virgin snow some half-mile wide is to be crossed before the hut at the summit of the mountain is reached. Sinking half-way to the knees at every step, one plods his way along with the exhilarating sensations experienced by a boy on a slide. Although midnight is near, the rosy tints of the sun, now below the horizon, are lovely in the twilight. Ten minutes only are allowed at the hut, and the word is given to take to the snow-crowned glacier on sleighs. A bitter north-east wind blows straight in our faces. When the journey of six English miles, which is to occupy us for the next three hours, is commenced, the thermometer marks seven degrees of frost. With the chief guide in advance, walking on ski, or snow-shoes, and another reliable man in the rear, the cavalcade slowly moves forward, halting at every twenty yards to breathe the horses. The cold now becomes so intense that, in order to overcome the drowsiness induced, and to keep up circulation, many are compelled to walk. In half an hour the horses can no longer make headway over the half-frozen snow, and the word is passed "All to walk." A snowstorm, or rather, pellets of ice, now drive full in the face, and a dense mist comes



THE BONDHUS GLACIER.

on, rendering the line of demarcation between snow and sky quite indistinguishable ten yards from the track marked out by the chief guide. Plodding along without deviating a single yard from the track—for to do so means danger—the long up-and-down journey is accomplished to within a quarter of a mile of the edge of the glacier, when the sleighs are abandoned, and now comes the unusual sensation of a "snow slide." Lying flat on the back, feet foremost, one is shot in an

instant, quite unharmed, down a hundred yards of frozen snow to the rocks beneath.

The time is now 3 a.m., and several steep snow-descents have to be made before dry ground is reached. With alpenstock firmly grasped,



THE START FOR FOLGEFOND.

and the guide walking on the dangerous side, ready to grasp his man at the slightest slip (for a slip means at least a long roll towards the precipice), the snow-fields are quickly passed, and, parched with thirst, we stand on the rocks in a blinding shower of rain, ready to commence the difficult march down the mountain-side, over loose stones and rocks,



THE FOLGEFOND GLACIER.

to Odde, some three hours distant. Stepping, and often leaping, from rock to rock, we arrive safely at Odde at 6 a.m. It need scarcely be said that none but the hardest men should attempt the journey, and even they must be prepared for a really hard night's work. A. L.



THE CLIMBERS.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE FIRST SWIM.—FRED MORGAN.

EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

Among the great Colleges of the North which—dropping in, as it were, one after another—have been celebrating their centenaries, the name of Ushaw will very shortly find a place. And we learn that, in connection



KIND INQUIRIES.—FANNIE MOODY.
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with that celebration, a very handsome and artistic volume will be issued, containing a thousand-and-one reproductions from photographs, as well as drawings of the old college. Mr. F. Thompson, who follows, with much skill and taste, in the school of Mr. Herbert Railton, has drawn for the book a very interesting series of views from various picturesque standpoints—with here a bit of belfry, there a mysterious passage, here the glimpse of a tower-top, there a gable covered with creepers. The book ought to have, therefore, a considerable artistic as well as historical interest. That historical interest will be identified, more or less, with the history of Roman Catholicism in England since the beginning of the century.

The British School at Athens, which has recently been the subject of deserved attention, as readers will remember, by reason of the meeting held by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace on July 9, continues to be the recipient of favours in the form of welcome subscriptions. Among others are announced promises of subscriptions of £20 a-year each for five years from Mr. Alma-Tadema and Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of £10 10s. a-year each for five years from Lord Hillingdon and Lord Egerton of Tatton, and £10 a-year each for five years from Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, and Magdalen College, Oxford.

In addition to these, since that date of July 9 the following donations have been handed to the treasurer:—From Messrs. Rothschild, £250; from Lord Iveagh, Lord Savile, Mr. C. J. Leaf, and the Clothworkers' Company, £100 each; from Lord Wimborne, £50; from the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, £30; from Sir Henry Irving and Mr. J. T. Knowles, £25 each; and from Sir Joseph Lister, Sir Thomas Lucas, General Pitt-Rivers, and the Rev. H. F. Tozer, £20 each. It may be added that the grant from the Clothworkers' Company, which is due to the agency of Mr. Edward Falkener, is the first money that has ever been contributed from any City Company to the school. "It is to be hoped," says the *Times*,

"that others will now follow so good an example." It may be added that Mr. Cecil Harcourt Smith, of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities at the British Museum, has been appointed, by the managing committee, director of the school for the next two years, in succession to Mr. Ernest Gardner, who has held the position since 1887; it is understood that the Trustees of the Museum have, with the consent of the Treasury, specially allowed Mr. Smith leave of absence for the purpose of fulfilling the functions of his post.

It is well for a man to have strong opinions, especially upon the subject of his art, otherwise it would scarcely be worth while for him to cultivate an art at all. Therefore, we by no means wish to carp at or criticise Mr. Alma-Tadema's strong expressions of opinion the other day, at the South Kensington Art School, in his lecture upon "Knowledge in Art." But Mr. Alma-Tadema might, perhaps, remember that it is better not to take particular instances when dealing with contemporary schools, and that it is ungracious in a distinguished—may we call him a veteran?—artist to deride younger artists who are, by different routes, attempting to reach the honourable heights which Mr. Alma-Tadema has himself attained.

"I see all around us," says Mr. Alma-Tadema, "a kind of painting produced and praised as the highest aim of art, where one cannot distinguish an apple-tree from a pear-tree, an Ionian cup from a Corinthian—a world of mist, a regular bubble-and-squeak, which, somehow or other, does not satisfy me. I have heard a youngster say that he was saved by the visit he had paid to the painters at St. Ives, as now he painted the mast of a ship with horizontal touches, and not, as everybody else had always done, with a stroke perpendicular, according to the formation of the wood."

It is a pity, we think, that Mr. Alma-Tadema should have permitted himself the use of such language about younger men, of whom opinions are, after all, still various, and among whom the general consent allows that there are many admirable artists. Aside from this little act of ungraciousness, we are ready to agree that the thesis, "Art is naught without knowledge," is for all practical purposes strictly and remarkably true. At the same time, it is quite possible that the consequences of such a thesis may be pushed to extremities, as when the lecturer observed, "Everybody knows by now, through the interesting photographic researches of Mr. Maybridge, that the horses on the Elgin marbles are the only ones of which the action is true. Are they not the more beautiful for it?" In action, the eye receives an impression of many momentary actions summed up in a single visual effect; to separate these momentary actions would be to destroy the likelihood of the visual effect, which, nevertheless, in not in itself true. Here is an instance in which truth is an appearance, not a reality, and it is photography which reveals the fact. Still, we will not carp, for Mr. Alma-Tadema's lecture contained a large kernel of truth; these were details.



A SKIRMISH.—MADAME HENRIETTE RONNER.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy. All rights reserved.

"TITANIA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



A GROUP OF CORYPHÉES.

QUINCE (MR. LYTTON GREY). BOTTOM (MR. H. AGOUST). STARVELING (MR. MARRA).



SNOUT (MR. BRIDGES).

FLUTE (MR. G. ALMONTI).
SNUG (MR. W. ALMONTI).

"TITANIA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



OBERON (MISS JULIA SEALE) AND TITANIA (MDLLE GRIGOLATIS).



TWO CORYPHÉES.



BODY-GUARD OF THESEUS.



DEMETRIUS (MR. A. AGOUST), HELENA (MDLLE. L. AGOUST), HERMIA (MDLLE. CECILIA CERRI), AND LYSANDER (MISS HOOTON).

"TITANIA," THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



A GROUP OF CORYPHÉES.



ATTENDANTS ON HIPPOLYTA.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE HEART OF LIFE."*

Mr. Mallock has never been an exponent of the superficial; in whatever he writes is found both depth of thought and sincerity of treatment. Whether he is dealing with the statistics of social regeneration, the economic questions that agitate political circles, or the more subtle and not less interesting ones of love and sex, his keen analysis and broad summaries appear as fruitful isles in the great sea of generalities and slovenly development with which the average writer deluges the reading world. A book by Mr. Mallock is, therefore, welcomed as a harbour of refuge in this second flood.

Into the "Heart of Life" he dives, bringing to the surface familiar yet, to us, illusive images. They embody in his hand, and we find ourselves face to face with men we have known, with women whose lives have touched our own—or perhaps, as in a glass, we view our own



MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

hitherto unknown selves, and recognise intricacies of a more personal nature. This quality of intuitive knowledge rouses a responsive sympathy, and stamps Mr. Mallock's novels with that hall-mark of easy recognition, humanity!

"A Human Document" embodied this attribute even in the title, and no one who followed the intimate study of Irma Schilizzi and Robert Grenville will deny the art that could so lay bare the hearts of man and woman. In "The Heart of Life," in a lesser degree, the same incisive analysis is displayed, showing the inward perplexity and contradictory workings of Reginald Pole's faithful heart. Constancy might even be called the keynote of his divergencies, for they were the outcome only of unrest. Before the story opens, Pole had formed an attachment for a married woman, at a time when she is practically deserted by an unworthy husband, and tempted by freedom to turn for sympathy to a more agreeable companionship. But a change arising in her husband's social standing, he returns to claim his wife, as a suitable adjunct to his castle in Wales and a fitting feminine representative of his newly acquired title. Meantime, a son has been born, of whom Pole is the father; this bond renders "Pansy" doubly dear to him, and makes of Pole's life thereafter one long heart-struggle. For her sake he will not betray, by any outward expression, the love he bears this woman and her child, while she intermittingly, and with utter femininity, ignores their past. She tries to live the narrow life of her class in a narrower country circle. He, yearning for her sympathy in his brilliant political career, pours out his heart in long letters of affectionate

confidence, and receives perhaps a telegram in response. Her letters are few and far between, ending coldly with "yours sincerely" or some other insincerity. Sometimes they meet on the friendly terms she indicates, and Pole tries not to overstep the barrier she has raised as a defence against her own frail integrity. The unrest of these interviews, with their shell of Platonism and their burning depths of unexpressed devotion, are admirably related.

It is the way that men and women love, and the way too that hearts are pressed back and crushed beneath conventional irons. The woman betrays moments only of self-forgetfulness, while years measure her sense of respectability. In the face of this wretchedness, Pole, working his way to fame, is misled into other affairs of the heart by the craving of a sensitive nature for open sympathy. A beautiful woman, one Countess Shimna, drifts across his life at a time when Pansy's love seems more of a chimera than ever, and he yields to the fascination of Shimna's beauty, heightened as it is by Parisian adornment of fashion and mode. Her foreign *abandon*, yet delusive reserve, her quick sympathy and caressing manner, her musical accent and rapid transitions of mood, with that indescribable "Freemasonry" resulting from kindred experiences, draw Pole by an irresistible sensuous attraction. He feels ready at length to try lotus-eating, if he may not have bread. The variations of his mood, the superficial passion of the moment, the cries of his heart, stifled in an atmosphere of heavy scents, are all naturally indicated. The struggle ends in the Countess Shimna's marriage and Pole's release. He then turns to an old and tried friend, whose brain has long ago grasped his ambitions and sustained his advance. But the affinity in this case is one of mind rather than heart; Miss de Souza, understanding Pole better than he understands himself, places all idea of marriage without their consideration.

These are the three women who influence Pole's life, and with whom Mr. Mallock's careful analysis is principally concerned. All these are rounded to a personal entity, distinct, clearly cut, and living. They are not used as pegs upon which to hang Mr. Mallock's own personality, but are worked out with the art that can individualise. There are other characters, especially a diverse array of clergymen, and one delightful old cynic named Wargrave, who are cleverly and naturally drawn; but it is in portraying the complications of man's love for woman that the author shows best his agreeable art. Truth to the perplexity of passion, knowledge of the play of heart upon heart, intuitive perception of woman's complicated nature and man's more simple directness, are the chief charms of Mr. Mallock's stories of the heart.—AVERY MACALPINE.

MISS NELLIE STEWART.

The merry Miss Nellie Stewart, who made such a hit with Mr. Arthur Roberts some time ago in "Blue-eyed Susan," has just returned to London after an absence of two years in her native land, Australia. She has come only on holiday, however, for she wants a rest after her spell of hard work, the close of which she signalled by presenting the gross proceeds of her testimonial benefit in Sydney—about two hundred guineas—to the leading public charities of that city. She wants to see something of the Old World, especially France and Italy, which have been to her as a sealed book, the whole of her life, from very childhood, with the exception of a previous visit to London and New York, having been passed upon the Australian stage. But she has no idea of remaining any lengthened period from her native land. "Indeed," was her remark to the inevitable interviewer, "I should not care to go away if there were no prospect of my return. I can sing longer here, and the climate is so much better. Besides, Australians know me, and I think I know them. And you know what that means to an artist?" Speaking of Australian audiences, Miss Stewart naturally had much to say in their favour. "They are musical to a nicety, very much more so than average English audiences, although the scholarly appreciation of high-class music which prevails in European centres may be missing. In Australia there is not, of course, the constant supply of the best of opera, oratorio, and orchestral music which has created classical cults in European cities; consequently we cannot provide a sufficiently wide *clientèle* for the best music, and, occasionally, artists of the first class are not the financial success they deserve to be. But the taste for music is a very extensive one, and a proper recognition of classical standards is merely a question of time."

Miss Stewart does not believe in any royal road to excellence. She declares that success is achieved only by continuous work and the practice of a considerable amount of self-denial, involving the sacrifice of many social pleasures, and taking care of one's self in every particular, even to eating and drinking. "The charm of our art is that it always keeps you fascinated, because of the something there always is to learn. The pinnacle is always in front of you. In the early part of many careers, bright prospects are shattered by praise and the worship of friends, which lead the comparative beginner to the belief that he or she knows everything. People who believe that are artistically doomed. Happily for me, I have never once been satisfied with a performance of my own. There is always something that could have been improved. This feeling brings me worry at times, but I know that the general effect of it can only be beneficial."

* "The Heart of Life." By W. H. Mallock. London: Chapman and Hall,

MISS NELLIE STEWART.

Photographs by Falk, Sydney.



IN "LA MASCOTTE."



IN "LA MASCOTTE."



IN "MA MIE ROSETTE."



IN "MA MIE ROSETTE."

IN BATTERSEA PARK.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

A MORNING RUN.



INDEPENDENT.



AN ELDERLY PUPIL.



A YOUNG LEARNER.



THE PARSON ON WHEELS.



THE UP-TO-DATE CHAPERON.



JOHN BURNS PREFERS TO WALK.



A GOOD SPIN.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



James Greig
1895

"RATHER DODGY."



— W. J. WEN —

HYDE: Did you find it very hot down in Norfolk?

JEKYLL: Suffolkating.



SHE : Mr. Smith seems to sit too far forward on his horse.

HE : Yes ; that is caused by his having had to ride to business on a bicycle during his days of poverty.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Concerning the Maid of Orleans we have of late heard much—some people have thought, too much. Still, it is but just that we should be bored by the heroine we burnt. And there are some that feel intense interest in the slightest details of Joan's career, and will speculate long concerning the portrait of her painted by a Scotchman, and whether he was of the Glasgow School, and whether he taught the Maid golf (I feel sure she would have played a good game), and what, in that case, would have been her views on the Great Stimy Question. All these speculations have their uses. Interesting was it also to watch the recent French "boom" in Maid of Orleans stock, and to observe how Royalists revered her because she believed in Church and King, and Republicans because Church and King did not believe in her, and both parties loved her because she beat the English, which is what every Frenchman wants to do, and what some few have done.

But one thing we did not know before, namely, that Joan had a modern journalist in her train. Yet the evidence is too plain for

The historical novel is one of the hardest of things to write well, and one of the easiest to write indifferently. Your material is all found, or nearly all; and if you merely care to translate your Froissart or Comines into modern newspaper jargon, it is easy enough. But really to enter into the ways of thinking and acting belonging to past ages, requires as exhaustive a study as that of the professional historian. A historical novelist does not notice altogether the same things as a historian; the former is concerned with the outside of things, the latter with the laws of political development.

It is for want of this intimate acquaintance with the details of the past, and of this capability of thinking the thoughts belonging to an obsolete turn of mind, that some excellent novelists have been portentously wearisome in their historical tales, and others have been hopelessly modern in style. Many standard histories are far more interesting to the most frivolous reader than most historical novels, and, alas! hardly more accurate. Carlyle carries you away on the vehement stream of his narrative, exclamation, interpolation, passion, irony, fizz, bang, rush, crackle—you cannot wait to look into his statements of



TUB NIGHT.

controversy. The *Sieur Louis de Conte*, page and secretary to the Maid, has been publishing his "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" in *Harper's Magazine*, and, though antedating Columbus by nearly three-quarters of a century, has proved in every paragraph that he is a trained American journalist—a sort of New York Herald-at-Arms. But one thing the *Sieur* or his translator has left out; I mean the head-line. This, if freely used, would have brought out his descriptive report in the proper way. It looks tame to say of the French bishops, "They were cautious, you see . . . so it seemed to them wisest to roost on the fence and shift the burden to other shoulders." How much more vivid would the narrative seem if printed thus—

"They were cautious, you see; so it seemed to them wisest
TO ROOST ON THE FENCE."

Again, when Joan upsets a wearisome divinity professor testing her orthodoxy: "I knew there was a chuckle-back of her eyes," quoth the page. Chuckle-headed thyself, *sanglant page*, as the Maid called thee or thy comrade. No, *Sieur Louis de Louisville*, turn thy descriptive rapture to suspension bridges, gigantic wheels, hog products, and other triumphs of modern civilisation, and let Joan be.

detail; but, when you *do* look into them, they are almost invariably wrong. Froude—well, we know what he was; eloquent, brilliant, profoundly interesting, he was yet almost incapable of even copying correctly from his authorities. Macaulay was a Whig to his sturdy backbone, and the Tories had but a poor time with him. Even Freeman stands charged with obstructing the ground of the historian by setting up on the field of Senlac a palisade that had no business there.

At any rate, these are histories of the past and dead; but we seem now to have added a new terror to life in histories of the living. Are these biographies and bibliographies of eminent men subtle hints to them that it is time to go? At a certain University, when a professor or head of a college hung on unconscionably long, Professor Herkomer was called in to paint his portrait. The treatment was generally successful. So with these histories of the living. A *Life of Stambuloff* was in the press when he was murdered, and several eminent men of letters have recently committed suicide by autobiography. It is a proof of her Majesty's excellent constitution that she survived all the Jubilee histories. We must beware of a relapse in 1897, when she will break George III.'s record for reigning.

MARMITON.

THE OLDEST LIVING ACTOR.

A CHAT WITH MR. JAMES DOEL.

To have lived under four English Sovereigns, and to have acted with Edmund Kean, Macready, Sheridan Knowles, and others who contributed to the brilliance of the stage in the early years of the century, are distinctions which belong to one living man—Mr. James Doel. As Mr. Bancroft told his hearers the other day at the Irving testimonial presentation, he



MR. JAMES DOEL.
Photo by Heath, Plymouth.

is the oldest living actor and manager. To see him, one has to travel far down West, where, in bygone days, he was wont to charm audiences who thronged the theatres at Plymouth, Devonport, and Exeter, of which he was manager. It is many years since he retired from the footlights and became the landlord of the Prince George Hotel, Stonehouse; but his memory of the past—of Mrs. Siddons, the Kembles, and the Keans—is still fresh.

The Prince George Hotel is a typical seaport public-house, with a throng of Jack Tars, watermen, and loungers round its doors. It is midway between Devonport and Plymouth, and is familiar to all actors and actresses who visit those towns. A few days ago (writes a representative of the *Sketch*), I visited this house to see its landlord, and found him, seated inside the bar, smoking—for, though abstemious almost to total abstinence, he is a great smoker, and will get through, in a single evening, as many as a dozen cigars, besides having two or three in the daytime. From the early hours of the morning until the last thing at night this nonagenarian is in this public-house bar, with its profusion of flowers and its prints and engravings of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, of Edmund Kean and of Garrick.

It is almost useless to ask "Jimmy Doel," as he is known to everyone on the stage, how he is. You have only to look at his clean-shaven, mobile face, and watch him as he rises to greet you, to see that he has more vitality than most men of sixty years. He has the appearance of a veteran sportsman as he goes upstairs to fetch you an old play-bill. He is dressed in a check suit, with just that tightness at the knee which is the trade-mark of all who have to do with horses; and his stand-up collar, after the fashion of those worn by coachmen, and the flower in his button-hole, complete a pleasing picture of vigorous old-age.

"I was born on March 13, 1803," he said in answer to the oft-repeated question as to his exact age, "and as we are told in the Bible that three-score years and ten is the span of a man's life, I suppose I must have started again, and am now twenty-two." This with a smile, and a sparkle in his eyes, which are still almost innocent of spectacles. "Why, I can walk many of the 'boys' off their legs," he added, "and almost every day do my own shopping, either near at hand, or in Devonport or Plymouth. I have never been ill in bed a day, never use a stick,

and seldom wear an overcoat in the coldest weather. That's not bad, even for a youngster."

"Well, Mr. Doel, tell me something more about yourself. To begin at the very commencement—?"

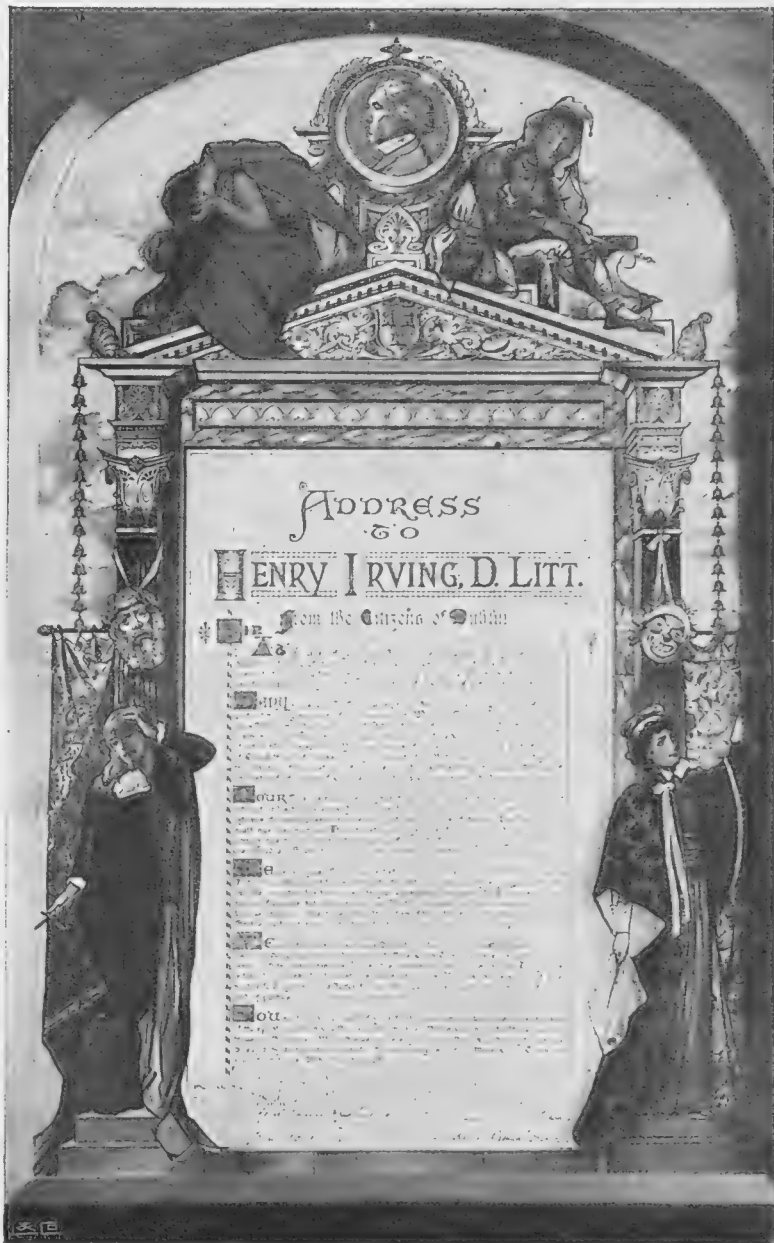
"I was born at Maiden Bradley, but whether I belong to Wiltshire or Somersetshire I don't know, for I was born in a room built over a stream which divides the two counties. The best way out of the difficulty is to call me a native of both," Mr. Doel added with a smile.

"It would certainly be a nice legal quibble. Where did you first act, and when?"

"Seventy-five years ago. Yes, it was in 1820 that I first acted, in a small theatre at Plymouth, called the Pantheon. Later on, I obtained my first profitable engagement, under John Brunton, the grandfather of the late Edmund Yates and the father of Mrs. Yates, who was, for many years, a great favourite at the Adelphi. Then, after a while, my name became known, and at length I managed one theatre after another, until I had three on my hands—at Plymouth, Exeter, and Devonport. The Teignmouth people built me a theatre, you know, but it's gone now."

"Is it a fact that you have acted with the Keans and Kembles, and other great actors and actresses of the past?"

"Yes, I had most of the great ones of the time at my theatres. Ah! those were times, when I played Grave-digger to Edmund Kean's Hamlet, Fathom in 'The Hunchback' to Sheridan Knowles's Master Walter, the First Witch in 'Macbeth' when Macready filled the title-rôle, Jacques to Fanny Kemble's Juliana—but I can't mention them all. I well remember one month, however, when I engaged Charles Mathews the younger and Madame Vestris. They had just been married. There is her picture on the wall," Mr. Doel said, pointing to a signed steel engraving of a beautiful woman. "She was a lovely creature, and danced better than any woman I have seen. She had a perfect foot and ankle, and plaster casts of them were to be seen in all parts of the country. We have no comedy actresses like her to-day—no, none," the old man added, with an emphatic shake of the head. "She not only amused, but her acting went straight to the very hearts of the audience. Ah, what a time it was when these two, Vestris and Charles Mathews, were at Plymouth! The old theatre, when quite full, was worth a hundred pounds a night. We doubled the prices, and how much do you think we took?" Mr. Doel paused, with an excited, expectant look of pride.



MEMORIAL PRESENTED TO SIR HENRY IRVING BY THE CITIZENS OF DUBLIN.

A random guess was given, somewhat wide of the mark.

"No, over eighteen hundred pounds in nine nights," he said, with emphasis. "Afterwards, we went to Exeter, and there we took seven hundred pounds in the one week.

"There must have been great changes since then?"

"Yes, great changes; changes for the worse, I think. We have no such actors now. Where will you look for another Edmund Kean or a Macready? Kean was a child of nature. He never appeared to have studied his part. He seemed to leave almost all to the inspiration of the moment, and then—ah, how he acted! We have had no tragedy-acting since. He was a man of little learning, but a born actor. He owed everything to nature, but he didn't recognise this. No; he sent his son to college, and when Charles Kean at last was seen on the stage, he had had all the nature taken out of him. He was very grand, and spoke finely, but he was not like his father as I remember him when I played Launcelot Gobbo to his Shylock at Exeter Theatre. That reminds me—it was from Exeter Theatre that the elder Kean got his first London engagement, after going about the provinces, little noticed, for fourteen or fifteen years. He had only one pound fifteen shillings a-week then, and a wife and family to keep. A local doctor, who was a friend of the then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, saw him play Shylock at Exeter. The result was that Kean went to London, and secured a three years' engagement, at a commencing salary of ten pounds a-week. The little man, in his shabby clothes, was derided by managers and actors alike, the Kembles among others, when he appeared for rehearsal. But in the evening, no one had any doubt about his powers. The house was cold during the first two acts, but in the third act, where Shylock refuses to give up his daughter, the audience rose. The enthusiasm was unbounded. The next morning, Kean was called before the theatre committee. He was staggered at the chairman's first words—"Mr. Kean, we have decided to cancel your engagement." He was left to his astonishment for a moment only, for the chairman added, "From now, your salary will be fifty pounds a-night." And he never afterwards acted for less."

"To return to yourself, when did you retire from the stage?"

"Oh, it must be nearly thirty years ago; but, mind you, before that I had been for nearly half a century connected with the stage, so that I had my innings. No, I did not act tragedy much, though I liked it best. I was most often in low-comedy parts, and they need acting well, you know. But, in my day, things were very different to what they are now. A fresh play every night—an old comedy, or one of Shakspeare's pieces. We had no opportunity for much rehearsal, and we had no elaborate scenery. But there was acting then, good, natural acting that was lifelike—life and blood. There was less beautiful elocution, I admit, less precision, less care about trifles, such as the precise meaning of this phrase and the exact pronunciation of that word. Yes, I think they are too careful over trifles these days, and forget that, when a man is in a towering passion, he does not mince words, but says what, for the moment, he thinks he means, in the words that first come into his head."

"You have seen some, at least, of our great modern actors?"

"Why, yes, or I would not make comparisons. For many years I always went to London to attend the bird-shows at the Crystal Palace. Birds were my hobby once, and I have won seventy cups in my time—well, I call them seventy, but there are really only sixty-nine. Well, as I was saying, when in London I used to see all the best actors."

"Then you have seen Irving and Ellen Terry?"

"Yes, many times. There, on the wall, is Ellen Terry's portrait, signed by herself. She sent it me on my last birthday. She is a great actress—in her parts, mind. She would make the fortune of any house, but she should not act in 'Macbeth'; it is too great a strain on her. Now, Irving I like as a friend, and he is the kindest of men; but I can't get on with his acting. He is not my style; he is given overmuch to mannerisms, and mouths his words. But the long runs of pieces in these days are responsible for a great deal that I don't like."

"Mr. Bancroft mentioned you when speaking at the Lyceum?"

"Yes, it was kind of him. Well, you know, I remember him when he first appeared. He had acted once or twice before, I think; but he made his first real appearance at Devonport Theatre, when Mr. Kimber was manager, forty or fifty years ago. He was a fine young man, and had a good reception. He met me afterwards and introduced himself to me. He asked me, 'Do you think I shall make an actor, Mr. Doel?' and I told him, 'Well, you have a good delivery, and that is a great gift, and a good stage presence, and you have pleased your audience.'"

"Can you tell me about Phelps? Wasn't he a native of Devonport?"

"Yes, I ought to know something about him," said this *doyen* of actors, as he threw away the end of a cigar and took another. "It was in a little private theatre at the back of this very house—merely a room over the stable—that he first appeared. No, he was not an immediate success, but he had in him the makings of an actor, and he had pluck. He worked on, and everyone knows what great success he achieved. He came to Devonport afterwards more than once, but he never drew good houses. An actor is not without honour save in his own county."

"Well, at least, you can't complain of want of appreciation?"

"No; I was always fond of West Country people, and they know that I refused many offers of long London engagements. I once acted in London, for a fortnight each, at the Marylebone and the Royal Standard theatres. That was enough for me, though I was very successful."

Then, shaking him by the hand, I left this very young old man, marvelling at his keen interest in matters theatrical, and wondering whether he might not rival his two aunts, who lie buried in the churchyard near by, and who were over 101 when they died.

THE TENNIS CHAMPION.

Since twenty years ago "bar 3" (writes a representative of *The Sketch*), the Lawn Tennis Association—now honourably risen to a position somewhat resembling that of the M.C.C.—has instituted various competitions, not the least attractive of which is annually for the Championship of the All-England Gentlemen's Singles. Mr. W. V. Eaves, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester, and Mr. W. Baddeley, of the Incorporated Law Society, were the disputants this year, the latter winning. From the age of twelve, the twin Brothers Baddeley have played in public, and at that early age they carried away their first prizes—probably their dearest treasures.

"I noticed that, in one of the penultimate ties for the Championship, your brother 'scratched.' Was that to enable you to get an extra rest before the Champion contest?" I asked the Champion.

"Oh dear, no!" he replied. "He merely did so because I was opposed to him; and the public takes no interest in such competitions, concluding, though not rightly at all, that such a match is previously arranged as to the result."

"What are your Championship records?"

"I'll tell you," he replied, with a simplicity which, apparently, possessed no element of "side." "I have contested this Championship five times, and have won three times. The Northern Championship I have won twice, the last time in June of this year. I have held the Championship of South England two years, the Sussex Championship three years, and the Northern Doubles twice. I am sorry," he added, "that J. Pim didn't come back from America to contend this year. He has been Champion two years. You may remember that he and H. S. Mahony went out a short time ago to play the six best American players. Pim was beaten once in Singles and once in Doubles, in which he was partnered by Mahony. Probably there would have been no defeats had our countrymen played under our ordinary conditions, for you must remember that the climate is different, for one thing, and they play in the morning, while we do so chiefly in the afternoon. Then there is an interval, if desired, of eight or ten minutes between the 'sets'—indeed, I have even heard of a shower-bath being indulged in during that interlude. Moreover, the balls are somewhat dissimilar. All these matters, naturally, have their effect on an English player."

"One used to hear a great deal about 'tennis arms'?" I queried.

"Quite so, but you seldom do now. Possibly people play nowadays with less cramped action—I know no other cause. No, when William Renshaw retired for a while, he did not suffer from a 'tennis arm,' but from the fracture of a small bone in his arm."

"Do you think tennis has been crippled to some extent by golf?"

"No, I certainly do not hold that view, except as to private garden-parties. Some of our best tennis-players are brilliant golfers; but, undoubtedly, there is a tendency among those who cannot longer remain in the most active forefront of tennis, and regard the game seriously, to take to golf. Both are excellent games."

"What developments have you noticed in the game?"

"The rules of playing have been very little modified, and the implements have not needed improvement. During the inception of tennis, William Renshaw stood out alone—he has been Champion of All England no less than seven times. Since the last few years, many new and formidable competitors have arisen."

"Now, as regards the ladies' play, speaking generally?"

"Well, since Mrs. Hillyard and Miss Dodd are not playing this year as yet, the Championship has been quite an open question. Probably Miss Jackson, Miss Shackle, and Miss C. Cooper hold the laurels of their sex." (Miss C. Cooper has since won the Championship.) "Why do not the lady players 'volley' more? I do not know; there is no reason at all why they should not all learn to 'volley,' and 'volley' well, a lady 'volleyer' having a great advantage over her non-volleying opponent."

"Do you think there is any probability of the introduction of the divided skirt?"

"Not the slightest."



MR. W. BADDELEY.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MADAME JUDIC.

Photographs by Reutlinger, Paris.

It is far from easy to catch Madame Judic (says a *Sketch* representative). In the summer she writes from a farm-house, with the poetical name of Avallon, that she will welcome you on her return to Paris; but that busy time having arrived, she disregards the notes you post her, sends you chill messages by her dresser when you call at the Gymnase, and finally makes appointments to see you at Chatou, which she fails to keep.

Her house at Chatou is little more than a detached villa, with a bit of a garden going down to the Seine, but Chatou is one of the brightest of the suburbs around Paris, and her villa is bright even for Chatou. It



is situated in a smiling avenue, where laburnum trees are the most conspicuous feature, and each villa is screened off from the inquisitive passer by a creeper-covered wall.

You ring at a door in this wall, and observe that it is furnished with one of those ingenious peep-holes of grating, with which the French are so fond of looking out upon their visitors. Apparently the inspection of you is satisfactory, for presently the latch is raised by a string from the house, and you find yourself in a miniature drive leading to the villa ten or twelve yards away. On your left is a sort of menagerie-outhouse, where amazing parrots are perched behind wire gratings. One especially, a South American specimen, has a gorgeous long tail of many colours, which would be the envy of any fashionable milliner.

With patience all things may be accomplished, and, after one or two fruitless journeys to Chatou, you have at last succeeded in obtaining audience of the actress. She expresses no regret for having exposed you to so many wild-goose chases, but manages to convey, by a kind of stage-queen manner, that you should think yourself very fortunate to find her at all. You are received in the narrowest of little studies, crowded with evidences of being much lived in—piles of papers on the writing-table, gum-bottles, well-thumbed cloth books in a book-case behind, and so forth. By her side stands a tall hobbledehoy of twenty years or so, who addresses Madame Judic as "Maman" and volunteers occasional remarks.

"My biography?" she begins. "Well, I was born in the Côte d'Or; I studied at the Conservatoire with Reichenberg; my uncle was Director of the Gymnase, and so it is, perhaps, not surprising that I made my début at the Gymnase. That was in 1867, and now I am there again after all these years. It is like a second childhood."

"Do you like or dislike this first appearance in an elderly rôle?"

"I like the piece at the Gymnase and my part in it very well. But this is not my first appearance in an elderly rôle. Have you forgotten 'Lili'? Yes, that must have been before your time. In that piece I appeared as a young girl in the first act, a married woman in the second, and a grandmother in the third."

"Do you learn your parts quickly and easily?"

"Of course. That is the least of the difficulties of our profession. I have an excellent memory, and I really learn my parts insensibly."

"How do you spend your day? What are your tastes?"

"My day? It is very variable. I get up at nine or ten. I have my *déjeuner* at twelve. In the afternoon I take a walk with my dogs, if it is fine; otherwise I read, play cards, do embroidery—*que voulez-vous*? At eight I start by train for the theatre."

"And you may mention," the hobbledehoy puts in, "that Maman reads all the way up to Paris. It is not allowed to talk to her then."

"Tut, tut! that depends who it is that wants to talk," Madame Judic goes on. "Well, I go up at eight o'clock, and return by the twelve o'clock train. That brings me back by half-past. There is a regular life for you, is it not? My tastes? They are very simple. I like music well enough. I play the piano a good deal—not like Liszt, *bien entendu*, but still, in a way that manages to give some satisfaction."

"Do you ride a bicycle?"

"Ah! don't mention bicycles to me. I tried bicycling once, and I broke my foot. It was ages before I recovered, and I am not going to try again. My chief interest in life is my animals. Do you know, I adore dogs! I really believe I have ten dogs now. And the prime favourite is a poodle, called 'Clown.' Then I adore hens, too."

"No doubt, you send them to shows, and gain all sorts of prizes?"

"No, I don't often send to shows, because the poor beasties are so unhappy there. Fifteen days cooped up to be stared at is no joke, I can assure you. I must presently show you my hen, called 'Stuart.' She is indeed a beauty. I think I adore hens even more than I do dogs. Up at Avallon I have got at least two hundred hens. You know, I don't despise the business side of the amusement, and my hens' eggs are greatly sought after throughout the country-side. Nor have I done badly in the way of prizes whenever I have exhibited."

"Are you fond of travelling?"

"Not fond, but I have no distaste for it. I most enjoyed South America, where they made very much of me. I have also travelled in the United States. England? Yes, I have always felt a particular regard for your country. You know, my daughter is at a convent at Worthing. I was in Russia in 1874 or 1875, I forget which. I knew the late Emperor of Russia. He has been in my dressing-room once or twice. The Prince of Wales has also been there from time to time, and I have been presented to Prince George of Greece and Queen Amelia of Portugal."

"Would you go to Germany if occasion offered?"

"Ah! that is a very delicate question. I hardly know what to say. You must not press me on that point. The occasion has not yet offered. You must know, I am very patriotic. I am fonder of Frenchmen than of Germans, and I should prefer to play to Frenchmen rather than to Germans. Let us leave it like that."

"What are your plans for the future?"

"Nothing is settled yet. I am likely to go on tour, but I don't know when or where. I always prefer comedy to comic opera. No, I can't



say I have a favourite part or a favourite piece. But here is a thing you may like to know. I have always shown and still show considerable emotion on a 'first night.' It is not that I have any doubt as to my reception, of course. But I am possessed by a nervous anxiety as to how the thing will go off, and this lasts until it actually has gone off well. Now I will show you my house before you run away. It is nice and bright, isn't it? There is quite a garden going down to the Seine through that little gate. I have a pavilion overlooking the Seine, and it is very pleasant there in summer. Good-bye; let me know if I can be of use to you again."



RANJITSINHJI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SYMONS AND THIRLE, CHANCERY LANE.

RANJITSINHJI.

THE INDIAN PRINCE RELATES HIS DOINGS ON THE CRICKET FIELD.

The achievements of Kumar Shri Ranjit Sinhji, even in this most exceptional cricket season, have not failed to excite, to a degree almost without parallel, popular curiosity and admiration. Nor are there wanting prophets who foretell, despite the phenomenal form of "The Master," that the close of the season will find the King of Cricket occupying a place in the batting averages second to that held by the Black Prince of the sport. Mr. W. L. Murdoch, a very Ulysses of the cricket-field, indeed, has little hesitation in placing Ranjit Sinhji first for skill, as well as for consistent form, among contemporary batsmen, and there are few better judges than this war-worn wielder of the willow. Expositors of the young Indian's name, title, race, and religion, have made confusion on those points worse confounded, until at last *exegesis in excelsis* has been arrived at by the critic who gravely informs us that, as regards the last point, he is a Hindu—much on a parallel with stating that in politics a man is red-headed.

With the view of satisfying public inquisitiveness, so far as his Highness thought fit, I sought an interview with Prince Ranjit Sinhji, and was lucky enough to meet him on his way from the practice-nets to the pavilion at Lord's.

Finding my credentials satisfactory, he said, "I shall be very glad to tell you what you want to know, but I must wait until I am out."

"Are you not going to win the match before getting out?"

"I don't know about that. You see, the wicket is crumbling, but we shall try our best. Come and see me in the pavilion as soon as I am free."

For an hour or so after this he was playing confident and perfectly sound cricket on a faulty wicket; and when he was at last out, to Rawlin, he had left his side a winning game. At once tracking him out, I found him quite ready for examination-in-chief.

"First, as to your name and title. How should you be addressed?"

"My name is Ranjit Sinhji; the title 'Kumar Shri,' abbreviated into K. S., means simply 'Prince,' and is exactly like your prefix to the name of one of the sons of your ruler; it is the title of the sons of the reigning prince of my father's state."

"And your father is—?"

"His Highness Sir Vibhaji Ranmalgi, K.C.S.I., Jám of Navanagar in Kathiawar."

"That is in the West of India?"

"Yes. Navanagar is a small state, about the size of your counties of Devon and Cornwall together, and it has about three hundred thousand people; that is, as many as in Cornwall alone."

"It is an independent state?"

"It is under the rule of the Jám, who, like many other native rulers, is under the protection of the British Government of Bombay."

"It has been said that you are of Sikh or of Parsi race; is that so?"

"Not at all." (I fancied the Prince was rather annoyed.) "I am a Jareja of the Rajput race, a Hindu nation, which, almost alone among the original inhabitants, offered a successful resistance to the Muhammadan invaders of India, and have never been subdued by anyone in their native hills of Guzerat."

It had been told me, by a friend learned in Indian matters, that the Rajputs belonged in religion to the Vallabhaachariya sect of the Vaishnavas, but, after the mistake as to race, I hardly felt equal to suggesting this to the Prince—he seemed too young to be saddled with such a responsibility, which might not be correct after all. So, to get on safer ground, I asked, "Where did you learn your cricket?"

"I was at school in the Raj-kumar College, in Kathiawar, and we had there English masters who taught us the game; but I do not wish you to think that our play was of a very high order, or equal to that of English public schools."

"Do you think the game suitable to Indian boys and to the climate?"

"I certainly think that the game is not only suitable, but that it is already popular. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the heat is too great for play. It is necessary sometimes to suspend play for two or three hours in the middle of the day; but, by men who are fond of the sport, there is no reason why it should not be carried on at other times. Nor is it a fact that the Hindu is too indolent to play cricket. We played a great deal, though not for so long at a time as is usual in England."

"And are we likely to receive a visit from a purely Hindu team fit to meet a first-class eleven?"

"No, not yet awhile. My countrymen are not likely so to excel at the game; but they are not all rank duffers, and they are quite capable of playing a good game."

"What sort of grounds have you in India?"

"Not equal to a good English ground, and yet not altogether bad. It requires great care to produce a really good ground. You must have very good turf, in the first place—not jungle-grass twelve feet high. Then it must be carefully watched for some years. Plenty of air and light is absolutely necessary, as well as plenty of water. But, while air and light are requisite, there must be but little direct sunshine, or the grass will be burnt up by the heat. It is necessary to protect the turf by canvas screens, stretched above it at the height of some feet, so as to give air and light without the direct rays of the sun. When this is done there is always a satisfactory result."

"How old were you when you first played cricket in England?"

"Between nineteen and twenty. I was born on Sept. 10, 1872" (I was glad, when the A.D. was mentioned, that I hadn't asked about the Vallabhaachariyas), "and came to England about the beginning of 1892. Some six months later I went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, and owed my introduction to cricket quite to an accident. I was on the ground, one day, watching a match, and, the team being one short, was asked to play as substitute. I suppose the captain thought I showed some form, for he asked me to play again, and that same year I got my college cap, and the University blue followed, as you know, in 1893."

"And as early as that you thought of playing for Sussex?"

"Yes, I went to Brighton in that year, and was qualifying all through the next year. My score against Oxford—one of the best I have ever played, for the wicket, as to-day, was breaking up—I believe made some people curious as to whether I would play for a county in the following season, but few knew that I was pledged to Sussex."

"And you intend to help Sussex in future?"

"Yes, I hope so; unless, indeed, family affairs should call me home. I shall hope, as long as I stay in England, to play at least four months' cricket in the summer; but September is a doubtful month for me. I am very fond of shooting."

"You are an all-round sportsman, are not you?"

"I play rackets, tennis, and so forth, and am particularly keen on shooting; but, as to football, I daresay you remember I sprained my knee. It has left it, I fear, in an unsafe state for football."

"You have been described or addressed very curiously at times, Prince, it is reported?"

"Yes, and there is one thing I should like you to say, if you write an account of our interview. I was frequently described as 'Mr. Smith,' and it was said in some quarters that it was by my own wish. This is not so. The custom arose through one of the London evening papers jocularly declaring that its compositors could not print my name in full, and so described me as 'Mr. Smith.' Other papers followed the example, and the joke was seized upon by clubs for which I played. I have received letters addressed 'H.R.H. Prince Ranjitsinhji, Esq.,' and in many other absurd ways, and I believe there are many variations on the theme. Have I told you all you want to know? Yes? Then, good-bye; I'll go and get my bath."

Prince Ranjit Sinhji's is a striking personality. Above the medium height, his dark-hued face, slightly pitted but not much marred by small-pox, his lithe form and cat-like activity, his confident but watchful pose at the wicket, mark him out to the crowd, which, with its familiar affection, has bestowed on him the sobriquet of "Ramsgate Jimmy." His doings this season need no comment; suffice it to say that his average works out to over 50—let him that readeth understand. He comes from the shores of the Gulf of Kachchh, where they used to catch pirates and now catch pearl-oysters, and, whether as probable captain next year or as prince of players this, there is no question of the value of this catch to Sussex cricket. Those who know him intimately are unanimous in declaring him to be a thoroughly good sportsman and good fellow, and, though some familiarity is the price of the sweet voices of the crowd, it is not the familiarity which breeds contempt, but that which is itself the offspring of admiration and affection, a very happy match. And so, good luck to "Ramsgate Jimmy!"

HORÆ DIURNÆ.

O, say the children, long is the summer day!
Long and sweet to sit in the sun and play,
Or catch the minnows down in the shining pool,
And would there were never any going to school,
And would there were never any going to bed,
With a moon in the green west sky where the sun is dead!
But the day is endless, the children say, it is good,
It is very long since the sun rose over the wood;
It is very long since the slides and the Christmas-tree,
And oh, how long, how long the future must be!

But Time flies fast, and the days grow brief and more brief;
'Twill soon be autumn-time and the fall o' the leaf,
Saith the dark-haired man; and yet there is much to do:
The days are too short for the work of my hands, and too few.
There is bread to seek that my little children may eat,
And scarcely time to murmur grace after meat;
There are friends to win, and honours to gather in haste,
For all too short the time to hold them and taste;
For the strong hand drops and grows tired, and the night turns dark,
And the grave has no room for love or honour or work.

But, the old man saith, the days fly by like a dream,
And they are foolish who work and hurry and scheme;
For the night, when tasks are finished, and closed the book,
After an evening spent in the ingle-nook—
The night is sweetest of all, and the dreamless sleep.
I have known the midday strength, when the pulses leap;
I have known the long, sweet day, when the child is young;
But, after all, 'tis the tender night that is long;
And Death, the nurse that rocks old children to rest.
Her song is dreamy and placid, and soft her breast.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The best-laid plans of county secretaries oft gang a-gley. For the month of August a grand wind-up to the cricket season was arranged. Some of the finest matches in the County Championship competition are invariably fixed for this the favourite summer month. This year, owing to the increased number of participants, an extra-special time seemed to be in store. And the hope would have been realised, if it wasn't for the weather in between.

As a matter of fact, the cricket season, meteorologically, has gone all topsy-turvy. Instead of opening with cool breezes, and culminating in an ideal period of warmth and Neapolitan skies, we had the grand weather in May and June, and then a disappointing spell of rain, and, therefore, bad wickets. The consequence is that all the happiness engendered by the batsmen's harvest has been dispelled by the gloomy, melancholy experiences of unsettled weather and unsettled cricket.

Bank Holiday especially was most disappointing. We all look forward to the August Bank Holiday. This season the programme was a repetition of the Whit-Monday card—that is to say, seven return matches were booked for decision, but only three could be brought to a definite issue, while every game was dragged out into the third day.

Not often do we see a county go in on the fourth innings to score a single run for victory. The incident has occurred twice this season, and in each case Sussex were the beaten team. The latest occasion was against Gloucestershire, who, since the advent of Mr. G. L. Jessop and Mr. C. L. Townsend, the youngest first-class cricketer, have been faring with infinite success. Last season, the prospects of the old Western county looked particularly black. Now they are of the brightest description. Such is cricket! Dr. W. G. Grace only wanted five runs in this match to complete his 2000, but could only score one of them.

There was very little alteration in the Championship table as the result of the Bank Holiday matches. Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, the three leaders, had each to be satisfied with a draw, while those that improved their positions were Kent, Derbyshire, and Gloucestershire. Derbyshire gained their success over Hampshire, who had only just previously disposed of Yorkshire in sensational style. It may now be taken for granted that the famous Surrey eleven will retain the Championship, and, if I were asked to place the next few in order, I should say Yorkshire, Lancashire, Gloucestershire, Middlesex, Hampshire, and Derbyshire. It has been a very interesting competition.

Mention of Lancashire reminds me of the County Palatine's new professional batsman. This is J. D. Tyldesley, who on his second appearance compiled a great innings of over 150. Tyldesley, who hails from Roe Green, Worsley, is only twenty-one years of age, having been born on Nov. 22, 1873. He is of the small brigade of cricketers, measuring but 5 ft. 6 in., and his weight is 9 st. 10 lb. The young debutant, nevertheless, has not been overlooked by Nature, for he is wirily built and possesses a fine eye—two, in fact. Tyldesley used to play for Little Lever, a club for which he did splendid service. He will be a decidedly useful man to Lancashire.

Matches arranged for next (*Sketch*) week are—

- Aug. 15.—At Oval, *Surrey v. Lancashire*.
 At Taunton, *Somerset v. Kent*.
 At Harrogate, *Yorkshire v. Essex*.
 At Southampton, *Hampshire v. Sussex*.
 At Nottingham, *Notts v. Middlesex*.
 Aug. 19.—At Oval, *Surrey v. Kent*.
 At Cheltenham, *Gloucestershire v. Notts*.
 At Derby, *Derbyshire v. Lancashire*.
 At Leeds, *Yorkshire v. Middlesex*.
 At Southampton, *Hampshire v. Warwickshire*.

Those italicised ought to win.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

The Copenhagen Amateur Athletic Association deserve the thanks of all interested in walking-races for the very sensible announcement which they have issued for their meeting to be held on Sept. 1. They say: "In walking, it is required that the competitor walk with the upper part of his body upright, and stretch his knees for every step. Jumping, springing, or bounding are not allowed." Nobody will say that walking, as allowed in England, is either graceful or natural.

If the L.A.C. do not actually defeat the New York A.C. in the big meeting in America next month, they ought certainly to succeed in one event without a great amount of difficulty. This is the 100 Yards sprint, in which A. R. Downer and C. A. Bradley are to represent the English club. Bradley and Downer, who may be regarded as the champions of England and Scotland, accomplished a remarkable performance at the Stoke Victoria Sports the other day. Competing in the 100 Yards Scratch, they finished locked together in the good time of 10 sec. dead. The pair thereupon decided to run off the dead-heat, and once again they made a dead-heat of it, this time accomplishing the distance in 9.4.5th sec., and therefore tying record. In each instance Bradley got off with the lead. There is evidently very little between these two champions.

When I had a chat with A. J. Watson, the other day, he remarked that he was particularly anxious to make the splendid 100-guinea cup of the Plymouth Cycling Club his own. On Whit-Monday he attained the first step towards this consummation, and on Bank Holiday he once more romped in before all other competitors. Watson has only

to prove victorious on another occasion to secure the trophy, and it is worth adding that those in the same position are A. Du Cros, Lewis Stroud, and P. W. Brown. It is my firm opinion that Watson is the very finest amateur wheelman England possesses, and I confidently expect him to show a clean pair of wheels to his opponents the next time he visits Plymouth.

The other day the young King of Spain met with an accident while riding his bicycle. He was practising near San Sebastian, which lies at the foot of the Pyrenees, and, falling off, sustained a slight abrasion. His Majesty is not in the slightest whit deterred. He is madly fond of the wheel, and intends to cut a dash at the sport.

ROWING.

Lord Ampthill, the famous Oxonian rower, is the solitary Liberal-Unionist selected for a prominent action in either of the Houses of Parliament. He is to second the Address in the Lords. Lord Ampthill, when at University, used to be one of the strongest men in the boat, and he was more than once in the winning crew against Cambridge. The noble young athlete is assistant private secretary to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He was, not long ago, married to a sister of Lord Beauchamp.

GOLF.

The extra-good people up in Edinburgh are horrified. The Braid Hills Course is being utilised for golfing on Sunday, and, what is more, there is no possible way of stopping it, unless by pathetic appeal. Sunday golfing has for some time been in vogue on this side of the Border, but it will probably be a considerable period before it dissipates the prejudices of our Edinburgh friends. Nevertheless, this Braid Hills business is palpably the beginning of the end of regular golf on Sundays in the modern Athens.

By the way, I notice that the Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society intend erecting a club-house on their private ground at Barnton. The proposed site is adjacent to Cramond Brig Station, and the cost has been estimated at something like £2500.

Willie Park junior, of whom I was speaking last week, has returned home from his tour in the United States. He speaks glowingly of the hospitality extended to him on every hand, and also of the growing popularity of the game with ladies. The Trilby fever has now given way to the Golf fever, and our sanguine American friends are expecting to be able to give old John Bull a healthy beating in a year or two's time.

OLYMPIAN.

MR. AGER GROVER.

"A gift from the gods," indeed, is a tenor voice, sweet in its melodiousness and sympathetic in its timbre, such, for instance, as that possessed by Mr. Ager Grover—no relation, by the way, I understand, to Mr. Herbert Grover, also a tenor singer. Mr. Ager Grover first gave exhibition of his vocal powers thirty-one years ago—but probably his most appreciative auditor was his mother—in Fulham, and as his career since then has been entirely metropolitan, we may regard him gratefully as "made in London." At the age of ten, his beautiful voice began to reverberate through the chancel and aisles of Westminster Abbey, where he was Solo Boy for six years. Then, when his voice became a tenor, and was ripe for moulding, Mr. W. H. Cummings taught him oratorio music, and Mr. Alfred Blume voice-production. Afterwards, the congregations of St. Marylebone and All Saints, Margaret Street, for some years enjoyed the charm of his voice in hymn and anthem, till, in 1890, Mr. Grover was appointed principal tenor at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, a position which he still holds. In ballad-singing, at the principal concert-halls in London and in the provinces, his natural "mezzo voice" has been most effectively successful, while the celebrated Euterpean Vocal Quartette owes much to his assistance. He is, justly, not a little proud that he was selected to take Mr. Sims Reeves' place on one occasion. He is a good fellow.



MR. AGER GROVER.
 Art Gallery, Ilfracombe.

SOME FRENCH ACTRESSES.

Photographs by Reullinger, Paris.



MDLLE. BERTINY, COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.



MDLLE. PIERCY, NOUVEAUTÉS.



MDLLE. VERNEUIL, VAUDEVILLE.



MDLLE. ROSA BRÜCK, GYMNASÉ.

OF SPANISH POSTERS.

It is a popular fallacy that Spain possesses few painters, musicians, and writers, and that even these few are very second-rate specimens. The man who travels through Andalusia with his eyes open and his mind free from prejudice, soon discovers how the talent of the country has been either neglected or misjudged. He listens to excellent music of the lighter kind, he reads charming prose and exquisite verse, and, though the art of the day be imitative rather than creative, it is good after its kind. Copies of the Old Masters are in request, and they are well executed: in the Alcazar of Seville and Alhambra of Granada the visitor may find hard-working artists whose powers rise considerably above the level of mediocrity. Unfortunately, Spain is in an impoverished condition, and artists, authors, and musicians can get but little money in return for their talent, while scarce an echo of their gifts penetrates as far as France or England. None the less, brilliant men labour, and are happy in the public approval. They do not miss riches in a land of continual summer, where all, save a very few, are poor.

Spanish posters are a delight. Well drawn, vividly but truly coloured, and perfectly printed, they shine down from walls and hoardings, attracting all passers-by. They depict the glories of coming fairs and bull-fights, and are couched in terms calculated to draw money from a stone. The announcement that a famous matador will kill, or assist to kill, *Seis Escogidos Toros*, throws the Spanish reader into a state of frenzy. Not infrequently some incident is depicted with frank realism. A bull standing over a dead horse gives an opportunity to the artist to draw the unfortunate horse disembowelled and lying on blood-stained sand, while the bull's hide shows the marks of the lance-thrusts, and his horns are likewise stained with blood. Colour-printing is so good in these regions of perpetual sunlight that nearly every detail of a matador's costume can be given. The poster artists are splendid when they depict movement; they are satisfactory in their purely

artistic perceptions of the Spanish mind take free and uncontrolled effect. In these places the result is always most charming.



decorative work, but figures in repose are apt to become "wooden." In point of colour, Spain beats France; and as France is so much in advance of England, it scarcely needs a Euclid to demonstrate that English posters cannot be compared to those of Spain. The latter exhibit at times, an admirable sense of distance and proportion, which serves to show that their designers learnt to draw before they began to paint.

Spain, and especially the Andalusian district, is calculated to instil the artistic instinct into every receptive mind. In the North, despite the grandeur of the cathedrals, there is a sense of gloom and decay that is fatal to the *joie de vivre*. Down in the South, the people are lucky enough to possess a joyous temperament. They pass their lives in the shadow of marvels of Moorish architecture, their beloved Murillo lives for ever on the cathedral walls. The air seems to sparkle with life, the sunset and the night are marvellously beautiful. Then, again, lack of money has taught the peasant girls how to create the greatest possible impression at the least possible expense, and, in the tint of a ribbon, the handling of a fan, the fall of the mantilla, and the arrangement of a rose or carnation, one sees evidence of unimpeachable taste. This good taste is not, for once, peculiar to the gentler sex. Men, be they beggars or dandies, know exactly what colours to assume, and the combinations to avoid. I have never seen a discord in the bull-ring, where primary colours run riot. The result is, that the artists have never suffered damage from their surroundings, and can start work without having anything to unlearn.

These few remarks apply entirely to the inland towns where the natives are the sole inhabitants. At the seaports one invariably finds a decadence due to intimacy with the low classes of other nations. It is only where the cheap importations of countries whose art is commercial cannot reach, that the natural effect. In these places the result is always most charming.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND PAPER-MILLS.

The station-master at Micheldever is well inside the truth when he tells us that to Laverstoke Mills is a good four-mile walk. We have trudged for an hour and a half, and are beginning to doubt if such a place exists, or if it be not some magnificent hoax. Still, the card of admission looks real enough, as does also the announcement on its face—that visitors must reach the building by 10.45. This spurs on our



lagging footsteps. An abrupt dip and turn in the road shows us a line of cottages, terminating with a mass of masonry set at right-angles to the road, cutting off all further view. It has a somewhat forbidding aspect, being not unlike the main entrance to a county jail. As we approach the gate, the fact which most impresses us is the absolute security which surrounds this unique industry. This is effected not so much by the policeman who, from his partially concealed lair, is watching our every movement, as by its isolation. Buried away in a little Hampshire dell, five miles from one tiny station, and two from another, the three hundred inhabitants see scarcely a new face from year to year. They all know each other, for all are engaged in a common pursuit. The presence, therefore, of strangers, however innocent their intentions, at once arouses interest. A more than passing stay would invite, and probably ensure, some degree of surveillance. The telegraph-poles which have dotted the landscape throughout our journey are not merely ornamental, and the invader would speedily pass under the eyes of specially summoned detectives, who know every artist in the "cracksmen's" profession. The immense amount of potential wealth enclosed in the two and a-half acres on which the mills stand renders no amount of precaution excessive. True, the notes are not printed here; that is, however, an operation of minor difficulty, once the crisp, water-marked paper is secured.

The policeman leaves his little den as we approach, and swings open the door. On our way through the courtyard to the manager's office, a mural tablet records that these mills were erected by Henry Portal in 1719, and were rebuilt by Wyndham Portal in 1881. In that family they, of course, still remain. We sign our names in the visitors' book, and the foreman leads the way. He is to be our cicerone, and show us the whole process, from the commencement. Up till 1854 the Test supplied all the motive-power. At that date, steam was first introduced, but has not entirely superseded the river. This our guide tells us as we pass a motionless turbine, on our way to the "first process room." Here are sacks filled with strips of linen one or two inches long. The finer quality is for the Bank of England notes, the coarser for rupees, dividend warrants, postal orders, and Bank of Ireland notes.

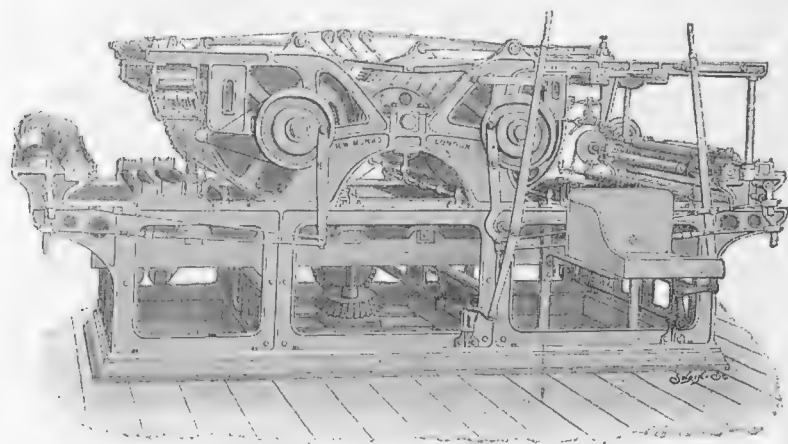
The linen is soaked for three and a-half hours, until the fibres separate, and they are then torn into atoms by toothed rollers revolving at enormous speed on a roughed plate. This process is not complete until the individual atoms which compose the pulp are scarcely larger than notes. When the proper consistency has been obtained, this mixture flows below to the "vat-room." We descend two or three steps, and, standing on a bridge, watch the birth of bank-notes. The foreman leaves us in order to unlock an indicator so that we may see how complete a check is maintained on every action. Beneath us two men are standing, one at the head, the other at the left-hand side of a vat full of this linen in pulp. The man at the head is called the "vat-man," the one on the left the "coacher." The former holds in both hands a frame marvellously wired, outlined in accordance with the famed "water-mark." He clasps the frame in a square wooden band, and dips the whole of it in the pulpy mass. On withdrawing it, he shakes it to and fro to allow the superfluous water to pass away, and to secure equality of distribution. He then lays the frame on the side of the vat, and slides it towards the

"coacher." As the frame passes along the edge of the vat, its weight presses down on a balance, and is registered, ten feet away, by the indicator which our guide unlocked. The "coacher" receives the frame, turns it over, and lays it, face downwards, on a broad flannel sheet about eighteen inches wide and twenty-seven long. On lifting it up, the pulp, now split into four rectangular pieces, remains behind. On this is at once laid another sheet of flannel, which serves as a covering for the last and a bed for the succeeding output of the frame. The alternate layers of notes and flannel rest on a low truck, which is wheeled away as occasion requires. Still undisturbed, they are subjected to extreme pressure, which expels the water in streams and knits the fibre tightly together. From the press the notes are conveyed to an operator who stands in front of a broad, endless, flannel band, which revolves slowly under and over hot rollers. He places his thumb-nail cleverly under the corner of each sheet, picks it deftly up, and lays them, two by two, with marvellous regularity on this moving band. At the farther end they are collected—tough, crisp, and rustling. At every step of the process each scrap of paper is checked by automatic registers, and the total must agree in each room before the notes are conveyed to their next resting-place. In the sizing-room there is in progress a process similar to the one just described—there is the endless flannel belt working over rollers, this time permeated with size, and the paper, having completed this journey, is at once transferred to the "size-drying room." Here is employed a great number of hands. Our guide called our attention to the girls employed in counting the notes. Each of them stands at a little table. From it rises an upright, having a little cross-bar, covered with leather, running parallel to the table itself. As the girls pick up each note, they draw it over this bar, which is, in fact, a most sensitive balance, connected with a tell-tale beneath. The pay for counting 500 is three-halfpence, if correctly done. If the total disagrees with the indicator, and a mistake is discovered, the three-halfpence is forfeited. In the "size-drying room" the notes are practically finished, and it would be here, if anywhere, that

robberies would be committed. The foreman is, however, clearly of opinion that the checks and counter-checks render such a thing impossible. Had it never been attempted? Well, it might have been. We step across to where the caged-in rollers, each a yard in diameter, are slowly revolving. To the astonishment of our guide, we point out how, on the far side, screened by the bulk of the machinery, a light hand, aided by accomplices, filched, in 1861, notes as they were leaving the rollers. "Twas penal servitude they got for it," he adds, as a grim commentary on our information. We have by this time exhausted the main processes in connection with the manufacture of the paper, and now have leisure to turn to details. Before going over to the postal-order room, standing apart by itself, we are to see some of the minor arrangements of the building. We go upstairs into a well-lighted room divided off into small offices. Here the notes are being counted with a rapidity that bewilders one. Our guide takes up a five-pound note and shows us how the cross-band of the frame cuts a corner off. In the case of a ten-pound note the corners are intact, but there is a notch near the left-hand top corner. Notches appear in all remaining values,



up to the £1000 notes, appearing lower and lower down the side as the values increase. Thus it is possible to tell by the edge exactly the value of the paper you are dealing with. Held up to the light, the water-marking was a very marvellous sight. The foreman, with some pride, called our attention to it. On the ordinary note, passing from hand to hand, the water-marking, though plain enough, is yet hidden to some extent by the printing on its face. With the paper absolutely clear, one appreciates the impossibility of attaining even an approximate imitation of the result which one achieves so readily with the coveted frame in one's hands. Rupee, dividend warrants, and Bank of Ireland paper are also made here. The curious feature of the latter is the absence of any water-marking. There is the plain announcement, "Bank of Ireland," but, beyond that, nothing. The omission of so distinctive a feature does not seem to encourage forgery. The annals of the Bank are, on the contrary, exceptionally free from this form of fraud. The weight of the Irish note is much heavier than the English type, as is also the rupee. The five-pound note, unprinted, weighs some $16\frac{1}{2}$ grains; when sized, printed, and complete, $3\frac{1}{2}$ grains more. Before entering the postal-order room, we turn aside to see the weighing of each note. The machine by which this is accomplished is as nearly human as anything can be. The feeder places the note on a swinging balance. If the note be of the correct weight, the tray containing it tilts at such an angle as to drop it into a tray beneath. On the passage, the result is registered in a concealed indicator. Should it prove too light or too heavy, it is placed in *other compartments*. If, by any mischance, the feeder should fail to place a note on the tray, as it swings toward him, a bell rings, to denote that the indicator *does not* record this omission. The accuracy with which, at the outset of the process, the vat-man controls his materials, may be judged from the fact that the number of notes rejected on account of their weight is simply fractional compared with those which satisfy this test. Leaving this room very quietly, we pass into a corridor strongly cased in iron. Our attendant speaks to two men, who open the strong-door with keys of different pattern. A light enables us to see the contents of the room in which we are standing. All round this room, some ten feet square, were piled, like so many packets of stationery, notes labelled up to £1000, awaiting their call to Threadneedle Street. By the side of this safe lies the room in which the notes are packed before their journey to town. Two men, at least, accompany them, and they are, of course, armed. At the Bank, they are printed and numbered by the machine given in illustration. Three thousand two hundred notes per hour is its output, and a test of thirteen years at the Bank has failed to suggest in what more satisfactory way this could otherwise be accomplished. The number of the water-marking does not correspond with the facial number imprinted by the Bank, and is merely a memorandum of the vat, date of week, and year of its manufacture. Thus, B 0691 would mean that the note was made at vat B in the sixth week of the year 1891. The precautions taken by day must, of course, be equally maintained at night. Throughout the building are notices stating that persons are liable to be searched by the police at any moment. At night the constables who patrol the buildings have six tell-tales to ring every quarter of an hour. If by any chance this duty is omitted, an alarm sounds in the foreman's house, county police station, and other places, at the lapse of a second quarter. Thus, humanly speaking, it would be impossible for any gang, however powerful and adroit, to remain in uncontrolled possession of the building for more than half an hour. In that space of time it would be entirely futile to attempt to force the safe-room, to which place, at night, everything is taken. As a last look round, our attendant takes us to the postal-order room, where seventy-two reams are turned out each working day. In this building, some sixty feet long, the whole process, very similar to that of note-making, is initiated, continued, and concluded. We stood at the top of the room, on a small board, looking



A BANK-NOTE PRINTING-MACHINE.

into the cistern which holds the pulp. A moderator controls its flow as it passes along a broad metal bed to the first roller. This revolves just off the metal sheet and compresses the pulp into something like solidity. A second roller impresses the marking and value. It then passes up and over a hot metal cylinder, which halts every few seconds for a small sizing-band to descend and touch the paper. On the far side of the roller it is cut into sheets holding four complete postal orders. These fall, two by two, every moment of the day, into compartments fitted for their reception.

E. GRIMWOOD MEARS.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I begin to fancy that one or two of the jockeys imbibe more wine than is good for them. Riotous living is not calculated to bring success in the saddle, and a word to the wise should be sufficient. It will be a serious matter should the time arrive when owners insist on having certificates of health shown by each jockey plying for hire. At the same time, it is a more serious matter to entrust good horses that are well backed in the hands of horsemen rendered more or less incapable by keeping late hours and indulging too freely. Champagne and oysters, taken in moderation, may suit some riders' palates, but not when the dish is overdone.

A well-known advertising tipster is J. Glover, who seldom misses a big meeting. Like many another prognosticator, Mr. Glover hails from the North of England. He was born at Jarrow-on-Tyne, on April 19, 1850. His father was a brewer. At three years of age young Glover was motherless; at six, he played dominoes so well that he won a match for a guinea. At the early age of seven, the precocious boy developed a love for aquatics, and he unlocked his father's jolly-boat and drifted out to sea as far as Tynemouth, where he was picked up by a keel. Mr. Glover, later on, became a good rowing-man, and he knew all the big aquatic performers of the day. He showed great judgment in backing Hanlan to win most of his matches in England. Mr. Glover's racing experience is a unique one. At thirteen years of age he attended his first race-meeting, held on the Old Town Moor at Newcastle, and he won on the opening day the big sum of five shillings. After this, he attended all the big meetings in the North, but, strange to say, did not see his first Derby till 1878. As a sporting writer, he wrote for the *Sunderland Times* and the *Daily Despatch*. He began tipping at Scarborough, his takings amounting to four shillings. Since that period he has taken on a racecourse as much as thirty to forty pounds a-week, but he has resigned this part of the business. He has published two books on racing, "The Backer's Friend" and "Racing Life." In 1881 he commenced the "Rosebery Despatch," and in 1889 developed into an owner of race-horses by purchasing Oxeye for 290 guineas, and during his career as an owner he won over £3000 in stakes. Mr. Glover invented what was called one-horse paddock-wires, occasional specials, and the Affluence one-horse wire. He was the first to publish the system of increasing stakes when losing and returning to the original stake, also the system charging a certain price for a selection, and, should it lose, continuing till a win. Mr. Glover has dabbled in cricket, rowing, foot-racing, cycling, walking, and figured on many public tracks. He has won as much as £3000 in a week, and lost as much, for, though in all his writings he has deprecated plunging, he has not always acted up to his own text.



J. GLOVER.

Photo by Fred Smith, Kingston-on-Thames.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the Queen is opposed to horse-racing, for it was when her present Majesty came to the throne that Ascot first boasted a Stand worthy of the royal meeting, and her Majesty was a frequent visitor before she came to the throne. It was after the meeting in 1838 that a move was made to improve the course and erect a Grand Stand worthy of Ascot Races, and also to increase the value of the prizes contended for. The first stone of the Grand Stand was laid by the then Earl of Errol (who was Master of the Buckhounds), on Jan. 16, 1839. It was built from a design by Mr. Higgins, an architect of Watling Street, London, and was built by Mr. Cuthell, the builder, of Oxford Street, who contracted to get it completed by the next meeting; and he kept his word: it was first used, accordingly, at the races in that year (1839). The building was ninety-eight feet in length, and, exclusive of the balcony, fifty-five feet in breadth, and fifty-three feet from the ground-floor to the back of the roof. A lot of old, ramshackle Stands were removed to erect what was then the finest Grand Stand in England. The money was raised by trustees, and subscriptions invited, which were to have been redeemed within twenty years. The trustees were granted a lease from the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for sixty-one years, at a nominal ground-rent, which lease will shortly expire, when it is hoped that more funds will be available for endowing a good stake to be raced for worthy of the royal meeting.

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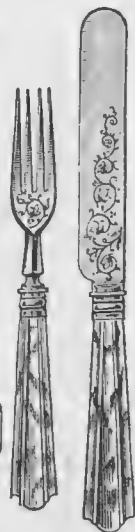
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"'EAR THE EAST A-CALLIN'."

BY OUR OWN SPECIAL AUTOLYCUS.

Not in one month only of the rounded twelve, but in every hour of the ripe year, to the gourmand, wise and appreciative, Whitechapel calls—Whitechapel, the odorous Orient, the ever-fresh, the ever-palpitating East. Here be banquets spread for princes; here be *déjeuners* daintily designed for duchesses (of that delightfully spontaneous class chevalierly sung by our Poet Albert); here be suppers to satisfy seraphs—in a word, luxuries beyond the praise of pen. Hitherwards, then, bend thy steps; or, haply, be *denarii* thine, the lofty 'bus may allure thee, from whose knife-board (apt, indeed, the phrase!), sharp as a serpent's tooth, thou mayst, as from Pisgah-height, survey the widening glories of thy Promised Land. Truly, there—in Promised Land—flow milk and Hybla's honey, and eke "the mild, the melting margarine."

Hast thou tried and trusty friend—or, to adopt the picturesque tongue of that Avilion whither thou goest, "pal"—whom thou hast grappled to thy soul with hooks of steel? Take him handwise, tenderly, and bear him Eastwards to the Rising Sun. On his astonished firmament, as on thine, will burst new constellations, new galaxies—"a new planet swims into his ken."

Enough of preamble. What go ye out for to seek. 'The delicate *déjeuner*, the audacious *dîner*, or the natty *souper*? Choose now; speech is long but space is scanty. *Souper*? Then *souper* be it, costerly but not costly.

As appetising tit-bit, the succulent whelk is King of the Eastern Lands. Hie, then, to yonder flamboyant kiosk, perambulatory on Phœbus-wheels, where on snowy platter recline the molluscs shelled. These, however, touch not. The true gourmand, with homely pin, coaxes from whorled habitat the curly lusciousness, the implicate and involute delight. Add a *soupeçon* of *vinaigre*; and, with the reverence the *plat* demands, eat. Delight is yours, and for prolonged aftermath dreams, more dreams, and yet again more dreams.

Not Chambertin, nor St. Éstephe, nor yet creamiest Sauterne befits to follow; the one divine and only drink, now, is The Dusky Stout, fresh drawn, with silky bubbles brimming. Remember, too, the sapient precedent of Elia; drink from the pewter, cool, winking roguishly, shining for very joy at compassing this so fragrant beverage. Fetched from neighbouring hostel by attendant nymph, for customary dole, and drunk amid the heat and glare of Eastern *boulevard*, 'tis Jove's own self would raise the tankard high and loud vociferate "Io Bacche!"

Still hold we our devotion to the sea. The very thunder and surge of the street binds our allegiance fast by subtlest reminiscence. Enter, then, with due solemnity, the very Halls of Neptune—"The Old-Established Fried Fish Shop." Wonder on wonder awaits. Round us on every side, on marble slab and well-scrubbed board of oak, lie, shimmering and opalescent, the denizens of old Trinacria. At our unuttered hest, bewildering net and doughty dredge have summoned these from out their native brine to furnish forth the feast. (Would that imperial Heliogabalus were here!) On this side, see! The cod's gigantic bulk, the brill's entrancing beauty, the eel's magician sinuosities, the skate's most royal width; the hake, the haddock, the ling, the lythe—the tale runs ever on, like a dulcet verse from Ariosto. These, these are ours! Not, truly, as they lie, but—To this side turn, behold! Crisp, tender, fascinating, resplendent in cuirass of golden crackling, forth they come to woo, insist, and conquer.

Approach, be not afraid. Choose, and warily. If the season be Spring—to the gourmand, as to the poet, 'tis ever Spring—throw the handkerchief to the All-glorious Brill. With twinkling trident deftly poised, presiding Triton transfixes you The Approved; imburse the god with nimble obol, and receive the ocean's gift, wrapped in page of *P.M.G.*, with graceful Occ. ballade bringing the tuneful Nine "to bear you company." Let not plebeian implements of knife and fork intrude to mar, but, with adjusted fingers, eat as Adam ate with Eve in the dim Eastern Paradise of yore. Eat, too, *en plein air*, as you walk with springing and rejuvenated step, with rejoicing heart. And as you go, let veins beat to the lilt of that happy verse of "The Vermilion Volume" poet—

From tavern to tavern
Youth passes along,
With a mouth full of brill
And a heart full of song.

If still thy festive mood crave sating, tread we a primrose path to diverse dreams—dreams of boreal cold, visions of the immemorial Palæocrystic, changing to a vivid panorama of blue Italian sky, Naples, in all her matchless marble, and the long languors of the sunny South. The *glace* awaits! With friendly password of "Hoky-poky!" and a copper coin, you win the right to a new sensation. A pink or blue or green glass is tendered, from which the mystic *mélange* invites to taste. Not with superfluous spoon do you taste and see that it is good. Revolving swift the glass—"Turn on, old Time!" is the appropriate reflection—the ready tongue is thrust into the gelid *confiture*. Lick well the magic cup, and, as the goblet spins, behold the panorama spoken of aforetime flash past your wildered gaze in swift concatenation of beauties.

Lift up thy voice, then, and praise the East; and be well convinced that you have spent a night of a Thousand and One Nights. The grateful remembrance will linger with you oft in the unenlightened West; the Orient will send memories, swift Mercury-messengers, to the Occident; you will "'ear the East a-callin'," and "you won't never 'eed naught else." Of a verity, this is indeed Truth!

THE OULED NAIL DANCING-GIRLS.

The important French military station of Biskra, situated on the verge of the great desert of the Sahara, and marking the southern limit of civilisation, has, since the opening of the railway, become a popular winter resort. In addition to a new large hotel, there is also a *Cercle des Étrangers*, or club, where the visitor can either try his fortune at the not very lucrative race-game known as *petits chevaux*, or there is baccarat and *trente et quarante* for those wanting a more serious form of gambling. It was at one of the concerts provided by the management of the Biskra Club that we first saw the Ouled Nail, or dancing-girl of the desert, who is indigenous to this part of Africa, and is to be found at all the small Arab towns where the caravans trade with the merchants. When young, the Ouled Nail is not bad-looking, but is always considered beautiful by the Arabs, and is extremely popular with all the nomads who inhabit the vast region which extends far south of the Algerian frontier. The dancing of the Ouled Nail is of the kind which was seen in the Rue du Caire of the French Exhibition, and more recently at the Chicago Fair.



A DANCING-GIRL.

It can hardly be said to agree with our Western notions of propriety, and, in common with Eastern dancing generally, there is nothing about it which resembles what we are pleased to call the "Terpsichorean art." It is a slow movement of the feet, accompanied by gestures of the hands and arms, also by the swaying and working of the body. The music played by the native orchestra is a most excruciating medley of sound, so that a little of the performance goes a long way; but the Arabs watch every movement with rapt attention, and are most liberal in their gifts. Our illustration shows the amount of ornaments worn by the girls. These are of massive silver, and from the head-dress and necklace a number of gold coins are suspended, among which we noticed a quantity of St. George and the Dragon sovereigns, which seem to be the most popular coin of the realm, and command a premium. The total amount thus carried is often considerable, and enhances the popularity of the dancer. The curious thing about the Ouled Nails is that they all belong to one tribe, inhabiting the south, and that, after amassing sufficient money, they return to their native villages and buy a husband with the proceeds of their labours. Apparently, no questions are asked by the gentlemen on whom they bestow their affection permanently, and it is said that they thereafter live happy and virtuous lives. The quarter called the "Street of the Ouled Nails" is one of the most picturesque in Biskra. From sundown it is the great resort for the natives, who throng the streets; while every Arab coffee-house is crowded with gaily attired spectators, and the sound of the drum, mingled with the ear-piercing flute, is heard until the night is far advanced.

K. H.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I have put several hours of dusty railway-travelling between myself and London, and have, in due course, located myself in a suburb of Cromer—if I may so call it—where the most notable feature is a strongly pervading odour of fish, and where the population seems to be made up of weather-beaten fishermen who would delight the eye of an artist—but then, I am not an artist—and an army of red-coated and enthusiastic golfers—but then, I am not a golfer. However, above and beyond all, there are the poppy-covered cliffs, and the sea, gloriously blue and beautiful; so I am well content, in spite of the fact that a blue serge coat and skirt, and the plainest of shirts, constitute the attire of one and all of the feminine holiday residents, and that, in consequence, my two carefully thought-out costumes cannot well be donned amid such uncongenial surroundings.

And I had also provided myself with two positively adorable blouses, the very latest inspiration of that Peter Robinson whose name lends fame and distinction to Oxford Street. Their sweetness deserves a better fate than to be wasted upon such desert air, and so I will devote them to the public in general, and let my artist chronicle their charms in these pages. In one—which I had fondly thought might give an air of evening festivity to my well-beloved black alpaca skirt—you will notice the introduction of the new gored sleeve, which is likely to endear itself to all our hearts during the forthcoming months. This one has the primary advantage of being composed of pale rose-pink glacé silk, patterned with blue and mauve flowers, their tints as faint and indistinct as if the pretty wee blossoms had been pressed between the pages of a book for many a long day, and the effect being, in consequence, exceedingly soft and charming. Then each one of the gored seams is outlined with a tiny double frilling of yellowish Valenciennes lace; and so, its good points being all accentuated, this sleeve is a distinct thing of beauty in itself. As for the bodice of the blouse, that, too, shares in the originality, for the yoke is composed of alternate tucks and insertions of lace and silk, while beneath it any number of minute lace frills entirely cover the silk, till the waist being reached, it asserts itself again in the form of a pleated band, finished with a little ruffled chou at the side. So you can understand my affection for this, my last and dearest acquisition—but, believe me, the last adjective does *not* refer to the price, which, considering all things, was a very moderate one—and it will also, I expect, gain a place in your regard.

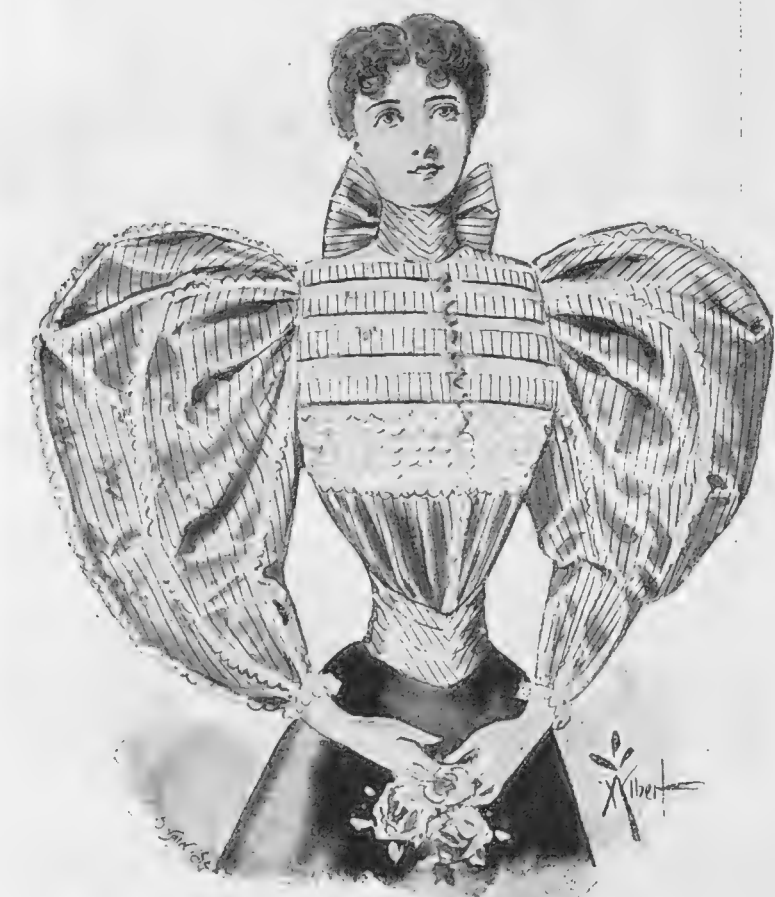
But, I pray you, leave room also for the second and simpler blouse, which I am thinking of flashing upon the benighted inhabitants of this quaint little spot should a suitable opportunity occur, and which has much to commend itself to all holiday-makers. To begin with, it is made

crown my magnanimity by informing you that the price of this piece of combined usefulness and prettiness was two pounds less sixpence, a fact upon which I prided myself much when I originally discovered it, for I felt morally certain that my most deadly enemy would inevitably add at least



another half-guinea when appraising its value. So, to those of you who may have chosen the more favoured haunts of Dame Fashion for your holiday-resort, I commend this, her latest offspring; and I may also tell you that Mr. Peter Robinson has, in addition, introduced another novelty, in the form of grass-lawn blouses sewn thickly with shimmering blue sequins; while others—almost equally effective—have the fronts entirely covered with an elaborate design in jet, these latter having already carried by storm the affections of the Parisiennes, who are generally accounted our guides in the matter of dress. And this brings back the memory of some exquisite gowns—bearing the hall-mark “made in Paris”—upon which I feasted my eyes on one of those last days in my well-beloved London. The sleeves of one of them gave me a distinct cold shiver, for not only did they fit closely and smoothly over the shoulders, but, moreover, they continued as they had begun, and finished up at the elbow with only a frill of lace to relieve their tight-fitting severity. To tell the truth, I could not consider them either pretty or smart, though other and deeper frills of lace fell from the collar at each side in cravat form, and then took upon themselves the likeness of diminutive shoulder-capes; but I did accord a free and full meed of praise to the enormous bow of black satin which flaunted itself at each side of the collar, just beneath the ear, forming a sort of framework for the face. There was another bow at the left side of the waist, in front, but this was a part of a long-ended sash of rose-pink silk, which held in the fulness of the white muslin gown, through which glowed the rosiness of a silk lining. Given the full sleeves, to which our eyes have grown so accustomed that we shall have to look for these others with magnifying-glasses, this gown would have been a delightful one—a remark which applied with equal force to a Princess robe of white silk, powdered over with mauve violets, and having for sole trimming tiny square revers of leaf-green velvet, continued in strap form to the waist, where they formed the background for three paste buttons on either side, thence passing on to the knees, where, from a smart little bow, the skirt fulness escaped in two great spreading pleats. Here the crumpled rose-leaf was also to be found in the sleeves, which, however, did certainly boast of three sets of triple white silk frilling, the top trio being arranged as shoulder-capes, and the others surrounding the arm just above and below the elbow. But for these outstanding adornments I tremble to think of the appearance of that sheath-like sleeve, or rather, of the appearance of the woman who wore it. These, however, are happily two isolated cases, and let us hope they will long remain alone in their doubtful glory, for we are well content with our spreading sleeves and our spreading skirts, though the inches of both seem in danger of curtailment.

In the meantime, I should like to gown some of the good folks hereabouts, who are, as at present arrayed, anything but objects of beauty. There is one girl, for instance, who is blessed with the incomparable



of grass-lawn, and then it is glorified by an embroidered openwork design in cornflower-blue, showing a lining of the same effectively vivid colour. Down the front pass little ruffled frills of Valenciennes lace, and there is more lace at throat and wrists. I may as well complete the tale, and

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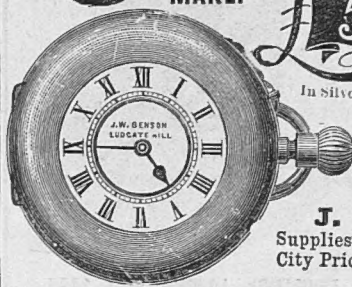
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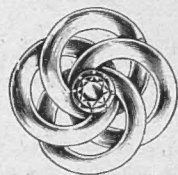
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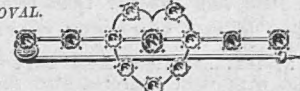
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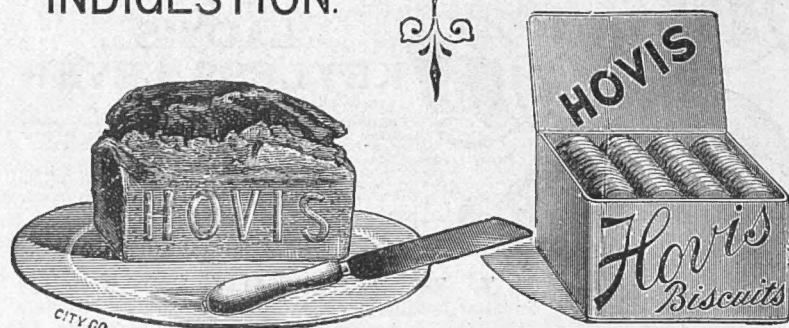
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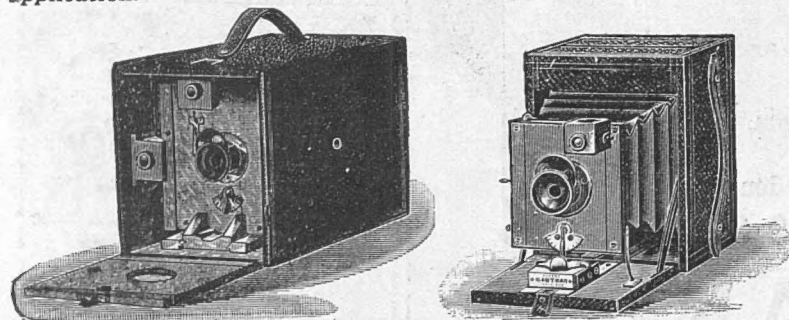
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beauty of the genuine auburn hair, and who also rejoices in a splendid figure, these two qualifications rendering her worthy of an ideal gown which at present exists only in my imagination, but which I live in hopes of seeing materialised. It should be of blue alpaca, of brightest and yet darkest cornflower-blue, and the bodice should have, both at the back and in the front, three bands of broad white satin, bordered with a powdering of blue sequins, these straps being caught into a waist-band to match, but reappearing on the skirt in tab form. And then, at the back of the perfectly plain alpaca collar there should be a handkerchief-shaped bow of sequin-sewn satin, similar but larger bows crossing the shoulders, and the sleeves themselves being of the huge puffed variety and terminating at the elbow. A dark-eyed, dark-haired beauty might, on the other hand, rejoice in a tan crêpon skirt, and a bodice of black accordion-pleated chiffon, held in by a deep waist-band of yellow satin, while at the neck there should be tied, in front, an outstanding cravat bow of white tulle. Add sleeves of white chiné silk, patterned with great yellow roses, and a toque of yellow roses with upstanding ends of black ribbon-velvet as trimming, and, I flatter myself, the wearer would create a sensation. Brunettes please note, and take this description to heart. However, visions must give place to the realities of existence, and, at the moment, the most pleasant reality within reach is a bottle of White Rose perfume, for which I have been devoutly thanking the makers, Messrs. Atkinson, ever since I took up my abode in such close proximity to one of the staple commodities of life. I always love this perfume—indeed, who does not?—but I consider it an absolute necessity when you make expeditions into unknown territories. It is one of those things, in fact, which should be always with you.

FLORENCE.

"ALL ABROAD."

The title is not a sign of continuation of the matter which, in the earlier days of *The Sketch*, used to appear under the heading "All Abroad," but merely a musical farce with two authors, a poet and a musician, to give birth to it. With no little surprise I have read that Mr. "Owen Hall" has invented, or at least, re-invented, musical farce, and that "A Gaiety Girl" was different in character to any piece that had been given for a long time. The difference suggested is that "A Gaiety Girl" was a departure from the dying burlesque school without approaching opera-bouffe. However, in the luckless version by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Grossmith of "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie" was a clear anticipation, while "Morocco Bound" robs Mr. "Owen Hall" of any claim to originality. At least, perhaps he has some claim, for he was the first to introduce the dreary sentimental scenes which proved so trying in the works before "All Abroad."

The new piece—at least, new to London, though it was produced at Portsmouth last April—has in its favour that the sentimental plays but a small part, and that the author does not indulge in the highly peppered jokes that have been condemned in his other work. It is not certain that it lies in his power to invent jokes save of the peppered order, for in "All Abroad" there is a remarkable absence of wit, and even of efforts at wit. Indeed, reliance is chiefly based on comic business. Possibly it is very funny to cause an old solicitor to appear with green hair, owing to a mistake in the use of hair-dyes—so funny, as to render a repetition of the joke, with the change of making the hair magenta, desirable. Perhaps a kind of "Two Macs" fight between this old gentleman and a big policeman is amusing, and there are, no doubt, people who take pleasure in seeing a person of the "Little Tich" style—without, however, the remarkable cleverness of that performer—who gives a Serpentine dance, and appears as a Cupid, with wings fastened to a pair of braces. Nor should I omit two comic fights between an old man and a waiter.

I am, luckily, able to find amusement in pieces that lack these violent joys, yet deem it my duty to record the fact that the work was favourably received. Indeed, a person sitting beside me had a fit of laughter of almost alarming violence when the Little Tich performer came on eating a large jam-puff. Fortunately, the lyrics by Mr. Risque are better than the book, though they have not the skill of craftsmanship to which we are nowadays getting accustomed. Moreover, the simple music of Mr. Frederick Rosse has some gaiety; consequently several of the numbers are pleasing. The company is passably strong. Since Miss Ada Reeve represents a music-hall singer, her style suits the work, and she is lively and effective. That Miss Kate Cutler, pretty and clever as she is, has strength enough for the part of second lady, is a statement I have the desire, but hardly courage, to make. Mr. H. de Lange certainly was funny, though, as usual, he had an unworthy part. The heaviest burden lay on Mr. Charles Stevens and Mr. Horace Mills, who worked very earnestly for the applause that they received and deserved. I should also mention Mr. John Coats, who sang well and has a very agreeable voice.

MONOCLE.

Mr. Benno Kreiner, the well-known journalist of Vienna, is about to start on a bicycle trip round the world. He has provided himself with one of the popular Kombi Cameras to enable him to take "snap-shots" of all the interesting scenes and incidents on his journey.

Visitors to Eastbourne will find that the Burlington Hotel has been greatly extended and improved. The hotel orchestra is composed of first-class musicians, under the direction of Mr. W. Wright, and is altogether a new departure at Eastbourne. The band plays at luncheon and dinner, and a concert is given during the evening. The Burlington is now, undoubtedly, one of the best and most comfortable hotels on the South Coast. Electric light and lift to all floors have been added, and a large dining-hall built.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Pages from the Day-book of Bethia Hardacre" (Chapman), by Mrs. Fuller Maitland, is a book to be discreetly recommended. It may come back on your hands very quickly if lent to the over-busy or the over-young. But, to the right audience, it is a very good thing indeed. It is the kind of book that a woman should write better than a man, always provided she could write it at all. The real-life journals that have been published are not always very good and wholesome reading. Egotism is rarely seen there in a genial mood, nearly always is it morbid and despairing. Only to think of Amiel is to sink into low health. But if the journal be an invention, or partly so; if you cook it, arrange it, and select rigidly from it—it is an excellent form in which to present your stray thoughts and feelings, your unused eloquence, your waste scraps of verse.

Bethia Hardacre has a full mind, a character of her own which she respects, individual tastes and dislikes, and a humorous eye. The book is not a novel, but there are personages introduced into it which are excellently amusing creations. Clara St. Quentin and Professor Hardacre provide better fun than any novel, save one or two, has given me this year, and Mrs. Goodall does her part as entertainer hardly less well. Bethia is a young woman, with serious tastes and a strong sense of humour, who leads her own life without violently assailing every convention, preferably in the country, among flowers and old books. Life has said a good deal to her, some of it grave, but none of it bitter. She has brains enough to write good pages, and force enough to tear out the twaddling ones, if they ever got written. Lovers of flowers will be delighted with her journal, and find in it a guide to old-fashioned love and to old herbals, which are her most precious treasures. But the gardener and the bookworm give way constantly before the genial student of humanity. "Were I friendless or a foundling, the chances are that, long ere this, I should have found vent for my energies in novel-writing," says Bethia. Terror of female relatives is the reason she gives for refraining. Even were she to lay the scene of her novel in the earliest periods, "the disguise would be stripped from her puppets, and in Nebuchadnezzar or Herod the cunning eyes of her kinswomen would detect a member of the family." May she brave their reproaches soon must be the desire of appreciative readers of her day-book.

She is no mean poet. By preference she seeks old-fashioned forms, writes album-verses, each with a neat point in them, and compactly fashioned. But occasionally she is a lyricist of a higher order, as in "The Land of Love," of which I transcribe a line or two with delight—

Love is a precinct, not a god,
Starlit and paved with flower-sown sod.

Love is a maze, whose ingress lies
Secret from all but lovers' eyes.

Love is a clime transfigured oft—
Storm, calm, fierce blasts, and airs most soft;
And blinding, baffling mists that rise
Veiling flowered lawns and starry skies.

Iota's new story in the "Zeitgeist Library," "A Comedy in Spasms," should do something to set the popular judgment straight respecting a much-misunderstood lady. Her "Yellow Aster" and her "Children of Circumstance" were, in their essential fibres, conservative. Her familiarity with modern problems, her frank discussion of advanced points of view, and, it must be said, her somewhat slangy vivacity, obscured the fact; and she obtained a dangerous reputation—not unprofitable, however, to the sale of her books—as an upsetter of respectabilities, an assailer of the marriage bond, and what not. Nothing could be more absurd. With the existing arrangement of things in our society, Mrs. Caffyn is, in the main, very well pleased. With many prejudices which even a moderate reformer would like to sweep away, she is in full sympathy. She cherishes class distinctions, has a wholesome feminine love of clothes, never, by any chance, underrates the importance of externals, despises platform women, and has to fight stoutly to overcome a scorn of old maids. Marrying, bearing and rearing children, are still, for her, the two greatest possibilities for women. Nothing very dangerous to the domestic hearth need be looked for from such a writer, however fluently she may talk of modern revolutionary experiments. In her new book, which is far shorter than her others, she has less room to be expansive, and her own individual point of view is more clearly seen. For the rest, it is a bright story of an Australian girl, of fairly strong character and imperfect education, who marries the wrong man for the good of her family, and who is faithful to her actual husband by the aid of the man who should have filled that position under happier circumstances. It is the best Mrs. Caffyn has done; but her work still strikes one as that of a clever woman whose talent and influence have not their best expression in fiction, or in literature of any kind.

The prettiest and cheapest of the numerous reprints now appearing are Messrs. Macmillan's monthly issues of the works of Charles Kingsley. Two volumes, "Hypatia" and "Alton Locke," are already out, the latter, of course, with Tom Hughes's prefatory memoir, and the tract, "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," chosen to illustrate the period in Kingsley's life most concerned with the production of the novel. One would like to know particulars about the sale of "Alton Locke" to-day. Full of the matter with which our newspapers are filled, it yet sounds so remote and beside the mark. By whom now is it read? And is it read as a Gospel or as a story?

O. O.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Aug. 10, 1895.

The Bank return presented few features of interest, except that the other deposits continue to pile up, while no sign of any increase of the official minimum can be detected. The Board of Trade returns for July are encouraging, even allowing for the fact that there was one more working-day in the month this year than in 1894.

The long-expected report of the Committee on Company Law Reform has been published, and, as might have been expected from the composition of the body which composed it, the report is very little more than a string of platitudes, while the draft Bill attached to it shows most unmistakable traces of its varied parentage.

As a good example of this, we may call your attention to the proposal that the minimum subscription upon which the directors will proceed to allotment shall be stated in every prospectus—a most excellent and necessary reform—followed by the absurd provision that not less than 5 per cent. (1s. in the £1) of the nominal value of the share shall be payable on *application and allotment*. In other words, you enact that application forms shall be sent in for a certain number of shares, but you make no provision for any money being required with these useful pieces of paper, and the road is thrown open for every fraudulent promoter to produce dummy applicants by the score. How a certain ingenious and learned counsel, who, when not engaged in framing evasions of Section 25 of the Companies Act, 1867, or other kindred and equally intellectual occupations, has been good enough to assist in planning reforms of the law by which he lives, must have smiled as he recommended the draft Bill which is printed in the Blue Book, and calculated in how many ways each provision of importance could be evaded by the exercise of the most elementary ingenuity! Indeed, so dreadfully and awfully palpable are the ways of driving a coach-and-four through most of the suggested reforms that we can hardly suppose the Commissioners are unaware of the defects.

The fresh reconstruction of the City of Melbourne Bank has been thrown out by the British depositors, and we are very glad of it, both in the interests of public morality and of the general body of Australian bank depositors. If this plan had gone through, it would have been followed by a crop of others—for the gospel of plunder is very infectious—and the more rotten the bank the easier would the burden have been made for the shareholders, and, above all, for the customers, until it would have been impossible for an honest institution to get a living. Of course, there will be more troubles among the worst of the reconstructed institutions, such as the Commercial Bank of Australia, and several others we could name; but the destruction of these institutions now may be faced with equanimity, and will in the end do more to put matters right in Australia than everlasting bolstering-up. To have insisted on liquidation in the middle of the crisis of two years ago would have been disastrous, but to insist on it in the case of those institutions which are so rotten that they cannot carry on after reconstruction will merely cleanse the commercial world of eyesores destructive to sound finance.

The Mining Market has been very much on the boom during the early days of the week, and has only steadied down for the Settlement which begins to-day. Probably the most remarkable feature has been the large subscriptions obtained by The Wealth of Nations and Burbank's Birthday Gift mines. In the former case over a million was offered, and the directors have been obliged to limit the maximum allotment to 500 shares, while, in the latter case, without the advantage of a free market and a "made" premium, the required amount has been offered twice over. We advise all your friends who want an honest mining venture, which will in the end prove a second Great Boulder—only more so—to buy themselves a few shares in Burbank's, lock them up in their strong-boxes, and await, with a clear conscience, the returns which, unless our friends in Coolgardie are all mad, must result from the erection of a crushing-plant upon this property.

In the African market the big rise of Chartered shares is most remarkable, which, some wag has calculated, brings the value of every acre of ground in the Company's country to eightpence, or a little more. We have ourselves been holders of a modest number of shares for some weeks, and, to secure our profits, went to a jobber on Thursday, and asked for a price. "Six and a-half five-eighths," was the prompt reply, and we sold him a hundred. While the bargain was being written down, our friend the jobber remarked, "I hope, Mr. Shearer, they are not your own," and, with some shamefacedness, we confessed that they were. "Well, let us scratch the bargain, old man," said the jobber, "for I have in my pocket an order to purchase 10,000 shares." And our good-natured friend insisted on our keeping the little lot which we had tried our best to get rid of. "I'll take them from you, old man, at that price, at any time to-day; but I advise you to stick to them for a further rise," was his parting remark, and, before we had left the house, the price was 6 13-16 to 6 15-16, while we blessed our stars we had tried to do business with a "pal." How long the boom can be kept up, and to what length it may go, we do not know; but, undoubtedly, the flotation of companies for the development of the British South Africa Company's territory is by no means finished yet, and the shares of the Chartered Company are the corner-stone of the edifice upon which all these flotations are based, so that it is in the interest of the whole African "gang" to keep the price of the most important factor in that market upon the upward tack; in addition to which, a vast number of your friends are locking up these shares as a sort of nest-egg for their children.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

The following prospectus has reached us—

THE GOLDEN GULLY GOLD MINES, LIMITED, is offering 60,000 shares of 10s. each. It is formed to acquire certain leases in New South Wales, which were owned by a local company until it went into liquidation because it could not pay its debts—not encouraging for its successor. Of all the lame excuses we have ever read, the account of the collapse of the original company is the lamest, while, for audacity, the insertion of the Wentworth and Aladdin returns in the prospectus fairly takes away one's breath. How many miles away from this precious concern is the Wentworth mine we should like to know? We are glad to hear that arrangements have been made for securing the capital, but we are sorry for the people who have to provide it, and hope none of our readers have been foolish enough to apply. If so, there is time to withdraw by spending sixpence on a wire.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—In consequence of the August Bank Holiday, the first four of the following answers were written too late for insertion last week. We apologise for the delay.

S. J. C.—(1) We did refer to the concern you name. (2) The scrip is not a bad investment, and now quoted $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ premium. It is generally understood that the Rothschilds have been large buyers this week.

CONSERVATIVE.—We only give names of brokers or lottery-bond dealers by private letter (see Rule 5), and, in any case, we never answer anonymous communications.

J. S.—We would not touch the concern of which you send us the cutting with a barge-pole. Within the space of an answer it is impossible to deal with the prospectus, but the capital is absurd, and the sum paid for patents—rubbish—trade-marks—ditto—and contracts is childish. There never was a more discredited and discreditable job than this company.

W. R.—You are too late to take advantage of the 161st sec. of the Companies Act, and you must now either accept your new shares, with their corresponding liabilities, or lose all you have put into the old concern. We note what the secretary says. How can you have expected the "gang" to let the shareholders elect directors? It is against all their principles. The object of the whole job is to wipe out the old company, and free all those responsible from liability. Grin and bear it; you are too late to do anything else.

MAN.—We answered your inquiry by private letter because your time was so short. Our view is, you may far better spend the money on a more promising gamble. For instance, buy a few Burbank's Birthday Gift, and wait for developments. We consider San Jorge shares and Uruguay bonds good speculative investments to yield a high rate of interest.

J. C. H.—We consider Union Bank of Australia a sound concern, but a man in failing health should not hold investments with large contingent liability. In last week's *Sketch* we gave fifteen investments, any one of which we would rather hold than the shares in question; but the four per cents are better than the fives, and the latter are, in their turn, better than the sixes. See our remarks about New York Brewery debentures in this week's "Notes."

W. R. F.—We hope you received our private letter, posted to you on Aug. 6 last.

R. S. V. P.—We don't love the debenture stock you name, but it is reasonably safe for the present. See last week's paper for a selection of investments, or buy Gas Light and Coke A stock.

H. E. G.—It is perfectly clear that income tax ought not to be deducted on the £500 principal money; but on any interest due thereon it should be allowed. We can only advise you to consult a high-class solicitor, show him the papers, and instruct him to write and demand the amount improperly deducted. A lawyer's letter will probably produce the desired result.

G. F. M. J.—We have answered your letter, and hope you have received the reply. We can only give you tips as they come to us, and very often we cannot get definite information, but have to act on our knowledge of the source from which the buying comes. It was so in this case, as we stated when we recommended the shares.

ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN.—The Western Australian market is broadening, and we should hold the shares you mention for a better price, although they are the greatest rubbish. Don't be too greedy. We are ourselves holders of Chartered for a further rise, but we hardly like to advise you to buy on the top of the late boom. The market fully expects them to reach £10 before Christmas, but the market is often wrong. If you buy, pay and take delivery.

GEM.—Beira Railway shares might suit you.

FATHER.—We do not care about recommending insurance offices, because many are so good that there is little to choose between them, but in your case the Equitable (opposite the Mansion House) would do very well.

R. C. S.—We are obliged by your letter and enclosure. We have written you and hope you have got our letter. Your writing is so hard to read that we addressed the letter with fear and trembling to Colne. If this is wrong, let us know.

H. W. B.—(1) Fair gamble. (2 and 3) We don't like either of these, which come from the wrong people, and are puffed by too many paid touts. (4) This is not a favourite of ours, but it has some substance. We should get out of it, and buy Burbanks, Luipaard's Vlei, or Rand Explorations.

J. J. G.—(1) We prefer Beira Railway or African Coal. (2 and 3) Yes, for a gamble. (4) We will give particulars next week. (5) Yes. (6) No, hold on.

CAUTIOUS.—San Jorge are very good for what you want. You can buy one or more shares.

BANKS.—The Bank of Montreal is a first-rate concern. The liability is 200 dollars a share, but the market for the shares is in Canada. The Bank of Toronto is a purely Canadian affair, of which we know nothing. You can do far better than invest in either of these things. If you want Banks, buy Standard of South Africa (liability, £75 a share), which is first-rate; but we advise you to buy Wellington Waterworks 6 per cent. debentures, Dunedin 6 per cent. 1925 bonds, Johannesburg Waterworks shares, New York Brewery debentures, Gas Light and Coke A, or any of the things recommended last week.

Mr. Isidore de Lara's opera, "Amy Robsart," was given at the Théâtre du Casino at Boulogne on Wednesday, and received with immense enthusiasm by a crowded audience that included M. Maurel and many other friends of the composer. The artists, among whom were Madame Adini, M. Engel, and M. Melchissédéc, of the Grand Opéra, did full justice to the fine work. Madame Adini sang brilliantly in the part of Amy, and Melchissédéc was admirable as the sinister Varney.